

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1221. — October 26, 1867.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Attitude of the Clergy towards Science	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , 195
2. Old Sir Douglas. Part xvii. and last	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , 205
3. Inroads upon English	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 218
4. Turkish Baths in Boston	<i>Editorial</i> , 232
5. Critical and Social Essays from The Nation	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 232
6. Linda Tressel	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 233
7. Personal Statistics	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , 243
8. The President on the Rapids	<i>London Review</i> , 249
9. The Fenian Mosquito	<i>Spectator</i> , 251
10. The Romance of Babington White	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 254

POETRY. Tired, 194. The Sea-side Life, 194. The Crooked Path, 194. Monody on Stray, 204. Evenings at home, 256.

NEW BOOKS.

AN ESSAY ON MAN. By Alexander Pope. With illustrations and notes, by S. R. Wells. From a Phrenological standpoint. S. R. Wells: New York.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Is just published at this office in separate form.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year; nor where we have to pay a commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second	"	"	20	"	50	"
Third	"	"	32	"	80	"
The Complete work			88	"	220	"

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

TIRED.

YES, I am tired, dear. I will not try
 To stem the ebbing current any more,
 Nor vex with fruitless prayers the iron sky,
 Nor dew with idle tears the barren shore.
 The rippling waves that kissed my happy hand,
 The waves with laughing music in their flow,
 Sadly I watch them o'er the broadening sand ;
 But I am very tired — let them go.

Too long my chafing pride has stooped to strive
 To fan the embers into life again ;
 No faith can keep the flickering flame alive,
 The lingering vigil is but lingering pain.
 Too late the voice assumes a tender tone ;
 Too late the lip in loving smiles is drest :
 The tide is out ; the last faint spark is gone,
 And I am very tired — let me rest.

Just tired — neither angry nor ashamed ;
 Each wretched mood has fret its feverish
 hour ;
 Let the pale bud lie withered and unclaimed —
 Dead, or to gracious sun or pitying shower.
 Perchance some little life may linger yet
 In the crushed stem and withered leaves we
 see ;
 But what avails repentance or regret ?
 I am so tired — tired let it be.

I did so much ; I am all worn and cold ;
 I strive no longer ; let what must be, must :
 I could not give your hand the strength to hold,
 I could not give your heart the depth to trust.
 How you will miss me ! I could weep your
 want
 Of the close silent love that fenced you so ;
 The cup I filled was neither weak nor scant,
 But I am very tired — let it go.
 — *Tinsley's Magazine*.

THE SEA-SIDE LIFE.

(In humble imitation of MR. POPE.)

HAPPY the man who pays his fare,
 For Ramsgate or Llandudno bound,
 Content a tourist suit to wear,
 With felt hat crowned.

Whose work is done, whose bills are paid,
 Who leaves behind him Town attire,
 And gets new milk, and eggs fresh laid,
 In Devon-shire.

Blest, who the fair crisp notes can find
 A month at Scarbro' to defray ;
 Enjoying with a tranquil mind
 Long sails by day,

Short whist at night, pastime with prawns
 Combined, Fictions at will to read,
 Strolls on the shore, and Croquet lawns,
 With one (sea) weed.

Thus let me live, and lounge, and lunch,
 Thus let me take my annual dram,
 Steal from the Strand, and not e'en *Punch*
 Know where I am.

— *Punch*.

THE CROOKED PATH.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AH, here it is, the sliding rail
 That marks the old remembered spot —
 The gap that struck our schoolboy trail, —
 The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
 A penciled shadow, nothing more,
 That parted from the silver birch,
 And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan,
 With frequent bends to left or right,
 In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
 But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodland green —
 The broken mill-stone at the sill, —
 Though many a rood might stretch between,
 The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
 No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown, —
 And yet it winds, we know not why,
 And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way
 With shaking knees and quaking heart,
 And so it often runs astray
 With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance with clouded brain
 From some unholy banquet reeled, —
 And since, our devious steps maintain
 His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus — no earth-born will
 Could ever trace a faultless line ;
 Our truest steps are human still, —
 To walk unswerving were divine !

Truants from love, we dream of wrath ; —
 O, rather let us trust the more !
 Through all the wanderings of the path,
 We still can see our Father's door.

From the Contemporary Review.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE CLERGY TOWARDS SCIENCE.

It cannot be denied, that, with many individual exceptions, a good deal of mutual suspicion exists at present between clergymen and men of science. While Science is threatening to warn the clergy off its premises altogether, with a vigorous denunciation of theological prepossessions, the clergy are too often disposed to look with both fear and anger on the position assumed by their scientific assailants. In fact, they are angry *because* they are fearful. They cannot exactly estimate the danger; and they are not sure whether the monster which threatens them is a bugbear or a giant, or whether he may not turn out after all to be a good angel in disguise. But the men of science seem at present to be the more aggressive party of the two. The clergy show signs of being cowed by the asseverations, which are echoed back from every quarter, that the cause of revealed religion is obsolete and hopeless; while the irritation which they sometimes betray springs mainly from the feeling that their order has been made the object of a contemptuous prejudice, which they cannot be convinced that it deserves.

It may be worth while to examine what justice there is in the accusations which are currently brought against the clergy on the part of science. Is it true that, as a body, they are narrow-minded and obstructive beyond the average of educated men? Have they always led the chorus of unreasoning remonstrance against every fresh influx of scientific light? Are they incapable, even at their best, of defining their position with anything like the same precision with which men of science can define their own? Have they reached their highest tide-mark of charity and intelligence, as soon as they have repudiated the earlier spirit of persecution, and assented to a few obvious propositions on the truth of science as the gift of God, and the certainty that no real contradiction can be established between the revelations of His Word and the discoveries of His Works.

As there is nothing like a candid friend for telling you the worst of yourself, I will call in a clergyman to furnish the indictment against the clergy:—

"It is worth while to take the single instance of the use of science to our Clergy. Seeing that the Bible, in page after page (to say nothing of whole books of it), is constantly occupied in di-

recting profound attention to the power of God as proved by the magnificence of His creation, — seeing that the Saviour of the world points, as the special proof of God's love, to His care for the mountain lily, and the falling sparrow, and the raven's callow brood, — is not our education, and especially that of our clergy, distinctly *irreligious* in neglecting these things, and in elevating the poor words of man, as an instrument of training, unmeasurably above the mighty works of God? And with what results? It would be hardly possible to exaggerate their disastrous importance. Not only do the clergy, who should be the leaders of thought, lose the advantage of assisting in a thousand ways their poorer parishioners, but they find themselves actually inferior in these great fields of knowledge to many clerks and artisans in their own congregations, before whom they cannot venture to speak of them without the danger of raising a contemptuous smile."

Let me pause to observe that I quote the above sentences only as an introduction to what follows. No one can dispute the great advantage of every kind of useful knowledge to the clergy; nor need we discuss the transparent fallacy of depreciating the words of man in contrast with the works of God; as though the excellence of the creature were not the glory of the Creator, to whose gift alone man owes the faculty of expressing noble thoughts in graceful language.

"This, however," he proceeds, "is the least part of the evil. Science has interpenetrated to a wonderful degree the thoughts, the speculations, nay, even the common literature of the age, and yet the clergy are wholly out of sympathy with it; in many instances are suspicious of it; in many more are its bitter and ignorant opponents. Scarcely has there been an eminent philosopher, from Roger Bacon down to Comte, — scarcely an eminent discoverer, from Galileo down to Darwin, — who has not counted the clergy among his most ruthless opponents. I challenge denial of the fact. Against astronomy, against zoology, against chemistry, against geology, against ethnology, against philology — against well-nigh *every* nascent science in its turn — has theological arrogance and self-styled orthodoxy marshalled their menacing array of misinterpreted or inapplicable fragments of Holy Writ. Just as of old 'fops refuted Berkeley with a sneer,' so now some young ordained B.A. finds it easy to crush Darwin with a text. Is it, I ask, uncommon to hear some ignorant clergyman, who has laboriously scraped into a poll degree, lay down the law as though he held the keys of all knowledge in his hand, and could afford to pity and look down upon those splendid students whose lives have been one long-continued heroism of candour and research? You may say that an opposition of this calibre usually ends in some

complacent avowal of the ardent friendship between science and theology, and in the acceptance as axiomatic truisms of what had previously been denounced as atheistical and absurd. But meanwhile what happens? Men of science, confounding religion with the anachronisms of its most feeble and most violent expounders, too often hold aloof from a Church whose inmost heart is intensely truthful,—a Church which well knows the delight that deeply religious minds have ever felt in reverent inquiry into the laws of God, and which sees more of her own real spirit in the patient labours of science than in unprogressive idleness and theological hate.” — Rev. F. W. FARRAR, *On some Defects in Public School Education*, pp. 46—48.

This invective exaggerates its small basis of acknowledged fact to a degree which is as unfair to men of science as to the clergy. The highest praise which can be given to any kind of education is, that it makes the judgment just, by training it to form a correct estimate of things which pass before us. So then Mr. Farrar pays a poor compliment to scientific education, when he says that those who have enjoyed its full advantages are in the habit of passing a false judgment on the most solemn of all subjects, by “confounding religion with the anachronisms of its most feeble and most violent expounders.” There can scarcely be a scientific society in England which has not numbered clergymen among its leading members. What excuse can be urged for their scientific companions, if they turn from the recent memory or the living presence of such men as Whewell and Buckland, as Sedgwick and Pritchard and Harcourt, to condemn the clergy in a mass, and religion along with them, because of the crude lucubrations of “some ignorant clergyman who has laboriously scraped into a poll degree?” But at this point Mr. Farrar is touching on a different question on which many of us are very ready to agree with him; I mean the impropriety of calling on men for sermons and other public addresses immediately after their ordination. No profession could stand such a strain as this with credit. And it must be remembered that if young preachers take a liberal turn, they are quite as likely to talk nonsense in behalf of science as their brethren are against it. The mistake is, to let them bear their testimony on such subjects at all; and the marvel is, that any one trained under the exact discipline of science should take the crude prentice-work of the young beginner as sufficient ground for a comprehen-

sive condemnation of a great and accomplished society which is charged with the promotion of the highest interests of man.

It is against human nature to expect that changes can be brought about in old opinions without resistance from the body which believes itself pledged to support them. This *vis inertiae* exists in all professions: notably so in the case of medical science. Dr. Hooker confesses that the “medicine men in all countries” are apt to be “divided amongst themselves;” and he candidly adds, by the way, that “many” of them take up new views solely “from spite to the priests;” so that the unfairness is not all on one side.* Scientific men must also lay their account with provoking additional suspicion if they travel out of their province to assail the religious convictions of their neighbours on alleged scientific grounds. Revealed religion rests entirely on the basis of the supernatural. How then can the teachers of that religion be expected to acquiesce in the assertion that science has proved the supernatural to be a nightmare monster, lingering on from darker ages into days of light? The whole machinery of that religion rests on our faith in the efficacy of prayer. How then can the clergy refrain from remonstrance if the weakness of supposing that prayer can influence the acts of God is made a favourite commonplace with men of science? Let us try if we cannot consider the subject without disturbance from the unjust judgments of either side. The real questions at issue may be stated in this form:—Have the clergy contributed the full share of assistance towards the advancement of science which might be expected from a corporation of educated and influential men? Do they look on the progress of scientific inquiries which lie beyond their special province with the candour and interest with which one such body ought to regard the successful labours of another? And can they formulate their own convictions in such a way as to make them harmonise with those conclusions which science has established beyond further appeal?

I have no doubt that Mr. Farrar is happy in possessing a far wider acquaintance with the history of science than I can boast of. But his “challenge” must sound harsh in the ears of a generation which remembers Buckland and Chalmers, and owes so much to Sedgwick and Whewell. His reference to Berkeley is as inappropriate as it is inac-

* Lecture on Insular Floras; “Nottingham Report of British Association,” p. 227.

curate; * for Berkeley became the most revered of bishops, and it will scarcely be maintained that all the "fops" who sneered at him were clergymen. The most irrelevant rejoinder, I think, was given him by the layman Johnson, and the most contemptuous "sneer" was passed by the physician Arbuthnot; while the unlucky missile which Mr. Farrar has caught up to fling at the clergy turns out to be a line which one clergyman addressed to another in honour of a third. But let us look at some facts which are rather more in point than this, and which lie close at hand.

In Mr. Grove's inaugural address to the British Association at Nottingham, he recognised the growth of scientific societies "since the foundation of the Royal Society now more than two centuries ago," as "an important cause of the rapid advance of science." What light is thrown on the question before us by the origin of those two bodies, the Royal Society which commenced the movement, and the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," which represents its latest development?

The lists of those who founded the Royal Society give honourable prominence to the names of clergymen;—witness those of Wilkins, Bishop of Chester; Ward, Bishop of Salisbury; Sprat, Bishop of Rochester (its first historian); Bathurst, Dean of Wells; and Dr. Wallis. The British Association was mainly originated by a clergyman, the Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, who planned its "aims and working details," says Principal Forbes, "with a completeness which took his hearers somewhat by surprise, but in which they found little to alter or amend; and the constitution proposed by Mr. Harcourt remains in all its important details the working code of the Association to this day." "An institution," Mr. Forbes remarks, "founded by such men as Sir David Brewster and Mr. Vernon Harcourt, and fostered in its very origin by the enlightened patronage of the

then venerable and beloved Archbishop of York, must have had its rise in the confidence that the prosecution of science in a right spirit must ultimately prove the bulwark, and not the countermines, of religious belief." * For nine years out of the thirty-six of its existence, the Chair of the Association has been filled by clergymen, viz., by Dean Buckland, Professor Sedgwick, Dr. Lloyd, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Dr. Whewell, Dean Peacock, Dr. Robinson, the younger Dr. Lloyd, and Professor Willis. Mr. Farrar will render no service to the Association if he helps to propagate the idea that this fair alliance has been broken, and that there is now a confessed antagonism between the clergy and that scientific body.

No doubt there has been a great change since the days when, in spite of their dogmatism, their commentatorial disposition, and the other obstructive tendencies which Dr. Whewell records against them,† "the whole domain of the human intellect," as Dean Milman says, "was the possession" of the clergy; when "the universities, the schools, were theirs and theirs only;" when "they were the canon lawyers, and for some centuries, as far as it was known or in use, the teachers and professors of the civil law;" when "they were the historians, the poets, the philosophers."‡ Other classes have emerged, one after another, to claim a share in governing that intellectual empire over which the clergy ruled so long with mixed results of good and evil. Lawyers and physicians, astronomers and chemists, engineers and soldiers, have all come forward on the basis of their several professions to make portions of that mighty realm their own. But it is unreasonable to talk as if the great body of the clergy

* "The British Association considered with reference to its history, plan, and results," &c. Dundee, 1866, pp. 7, 19.

† "History of the Sciences," and "Philosophy of Discovery," p. 45, &c. For a full statement of the case against the clergy, we may turn to the works of Mr. Lecky and the late Mr. Buckle; and to some chapters in Mr. G. H. Lewes's "History of Philosophy."

‡ "History of Latin Christianity," ix. 3, ed. 1864. "The theological spirit is, in a manner, the blood which ran in the veins of the European world, down to Bacon and Descartes. For the first time, Bacon in England, and Descartes in France, carried intelligence beyond the path of theology. . . . Upon the whole, this influence has been salutary." Guizot, "Civilization in Europe," i. 114, ed. Bohn. Professor Sedgwick is fond of repeating the words in which La Place, shortly before his death, dwelt on the value of the clerical element in the universities of England; "Discours on Cambridge Studies," 5th ed., pp. cccliii., 129.

* For "*Fops refuted Berkeley with a sneer*," as Mr. Farrar, gives it, read "*And coxcomb's vanquish Berkeley by a grin*." To misquote four words out of six is surely an unreasonable degree of carelessness. He leaves not a scrap of the original but a proper name and an article. The line is generally cited more accurately (except "with" for "by") but with a wrong reference to Pope; e. g. by Mr. J. S. Mill, "Logic," ii. 471, ed. 1843 (reference afterwards withdrawn), and by Mr. G. H. Lewes, "History of Philosophy," iv. 7, ed. 1846; ii. 283, ed. 1867. It is taken from a piece often printed with Pope's Works, by John Brown, D.D., entitled "An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the death of Mr. Pope, inscribed to Mr. Warburton;" and will be found in Anderson's "British Poets," x. 879.

had passed from comparative light to darkness, while the rest of the world has been emerging from darkness into light. The names of the clergy are prominent at every great crisis in the movement of thought; and whatever may have been the case with many in the rank and file of so vast an array, their leaders have seldom failed to grasp at last the torch of truth, and pass it onward with unflinching hand.

The stock instances of clerical persecution prove the folly of committing the interests of science to a needless assault on a great, powerful, and venerable system. But they often bear witness also to more patience than we should expect on the side of the persecutors, and more indiscretion than is acknowledged on the side of the assailant. In the eighth century, the Irishman Virgilius was accused at Rome by St. Boniface for the heresy of asserting the existence of the antipodes; yet he obtained and kept till his death the bishopric of Salzburg, and afterwards was sainted.* In the tenth century, the famous Gerbert was suspected of glamour and necromancy; but he rose through the archbishoprics of Rheims and Ravenna to St. Peter's Chair. † Roger Bacon, though a Churchman, might have escaped persecution if he had not "in an evil hour" taken "the fatal step of becoming a Franciscan friar," and so brought himself within the reach of a "narrower, more rigid, more suspicious rule." ‡ Galileo, the layman, was himself partly to blame for the persecution which the churchman, Copernicus, had avoided. "Under the sagacious and peaceful sway of Copernicus, astronomy had effected a glorious triumph over the dogmas of the Church; but under the bold and uncompromising sceptre of Galileo all her conquests were irrecoverably lost." § So far as persecution goes, the Church has contributed its full share of victims as well as persecutors; nor has it

lacked its just proportion of those more fortunate discoverers, whose discretion or calmness has preserved them from being ranked in either class.

Let us mark down, for instance, the names of churchmen as they come before us in the history of the scientific revolution which lies parallel to the Reformation. As far back as the twelfth century, the great mystical theologian, Richard of St. Victor, described the true method of physical inquiry in terms which "Francis Bacon himself might have adopted." "It would not be easy at the present day," says Dr. Whewell, "to give a better account of the object of physical science." * Raymond Lully became a Franciscan missionary. Roger Bacon has all but lost his title of *Doctor mirabilis* under the designation of Franciscan friar. Cusanus was a cardinal. Telesius is said to have refused an archbishopric. † Campanella was a Dominican; and so was the ill-starred Giordano Bruno. Copernicus passed over from medicine to the Church, and spent much of his life as a cathedral canon. It is the same in every branch of intellectual movement. Churchmen are ever foremost in the ranks, some originating reforms, and others protecting and assisting their promoters; and some, it must be confessed, like other people, inviting persecution by their want of judgment, or disturbing progress by their vanity and vacillation. "The most conspicuous of our (early) English geometers was Thomas Bradwin, Archbishop of Canterbury." ‡ Laurentius Valla was a canon of St John Lateran. Erasmus is called "The glory of the priesthood and the shame." The fickle De Dominis was first a Romish archbishop and afterwards an English dean. Maurolycus and Mariotte were abbots. Malebranche was an Oratorian. In Dr. Whewell's short list of leading names from Lord Bacon to Newton, I observe two doctors of divinity — Gassendi and Isaac Barrow — the latter one of the glories of Mr. Farrar's own college. Another great Master of Trinity, Richard Bentley, "claims the undoubted merit," says Bishop Monk, "of having in his Boyle Lecture Sermons been the

* It has lately been argued that the error really charged against Virgilius was rather that of maintaining a non-adamite race of men than that of the antipodes. See "Christian Schools and Scholars," 1867, i. 141-3.

† Compare Dr. Newman, "Scope and Nature of University Education," p. 323. "Lectures and Essays on University Subjects," pp. 243, 280.

‡ Milman, "History of Latin Christianity," ix. 155.

§ Brewster, "Martyrs of Science," p. 96. Dr. Whewell remarks on "the series of misfortunes which assailed the reformers of philosophy," from R. Bacon to Bruno; but he adds, "the most unfortunate were, for the most part, the least temperate and judicious reformers." "Philosophy of Discovery," pp. 101-2.

* "Philosophy of Discovery," pp. 52, 53.

† Brucker, "Hist. Crit. Philos.," iv. 451. There is some difficulty about the chronology. But the assertion, which comes from Thuanus, proves the belief in his influence with the reigning pontiff.

‡ Hallam, "Literature of Europe," i. 112. (But more for his rank, he adds, which, by the way, was very short-lived, and for his theological writings, than for his geometrical speculations.)

first to display the discoveries of Newton in a popular form." I need not continue the series to our own times, when it is scarcely necessary to remark that some of the clergy have taken a lead in free thought which has scandalized many others besides their brethren. The list could be enlarged indefinitely if we entered on the details of scientific researches which have been pursued in the cloisters of colleges and the seclusion of country parsonages. As naturalists, for instance, the clergy have frequently made great parts of the subject their own.* I have appealed to no names but such as are patent to every one. They are more than enough, however, to substantiate the "denial" which Mr Farrar "challenges;" and to leave him in the position of having cast an undeserved reproach on the order to which he has the honour to belong.

But what are we to say of the residuum of fact on which it was admitted that the charge was founded? The truth is I believe, that polemical antipathy was only one of three great obstacles by which the reformation of science was obstructed, the other two being political suspicion, and the jealousy of scientific men. One of these hindrances is now happily extinct; political suspicion seldom trespasses on scientific ground. A second, we may trust, is considerably modified; scientific jealousies do not often now take a worse form than that of controversy on priority in discoveries. And I am bold to maintain that the polemical spirit has undergone a proportionate improvement throughout the really representative ranks of the clergy. If it still lingers among the lower ranges, it is mainly, I must add, because scientific men are so careless in provoking it; and it is fully shared by many laymen, who are quite as ready to

pile the faggots of persecution as the most benighted of the clergy.

People who do not judge from the last crude sermon which they happened to hear of, but who wish to ascertain what the clergy are really saying in sermons of a higher order, or in lectures, in pamphlets, at church congresses, and in the correspondence or reviews of such a paper as the *Guardian*, will be disposed to think that they are in far greater danger at present of giving way to an excessive anxiety for the establishment of peace on almost any terms between Revelation and Science. The Duke of Argyll has remarked on this in a tone of sarcasm; though I observe that he commends scientific men for the very same desire, "to keep separate the language of science from the language of theology."† At the foot of the page I mention some specimens out of a large collection.‡ Almost to a man, the writers are eager to deny the necessity of a collision between revelation and science. The point is insisted on still more zealously in treatises on special subjects, as in the views of creation which have been put forth by Mr. Huxtable, Professor Challis, Dr. Rorison, Mr. Quarry, and the anonymous "*Essex Rector*." But I will close this part of the argument by quoting two clerical writers, whom all would confess to be the last men in the kingdom to understate the claims of Revelation. "It is evident," says Archbishop Manning,

* "*Reign of Law*," pp. 55, 89.

† Archdeacon Pratt, "*Scripture and Science not at variance*," 4th ed. 1861. Archdeacon Freeman, "*The Harmony of Scripture and Science*," Exeter, 1861. Bishop of London, "*Harmony of Revelation and the Sciences*," Edinburgh, 1864. Rev. E. P. Eddrup, "*Scripture and Science*," Salisbury, 1865. Dr. Pusey, "*The Miracles of Prayer*," Oxford, 1866. Dr. Payne Smith, "*Doth God take care for oxen?*" Oxford, 1866. Rev. R. B. Kennard, "*The Unity of the Material and Spiritual Worlds*," Oxford, 1866. Dr. Temple, "*The present Relations of Science to Religion*," preached at the British Association, 1860. Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, "*Holy Scripture the witness to the Revelation of God in all facts*," preached at the British Association, 1865. Rev. D. Moore, "*The Unsearchableness of God*," preached at the British Association, 1866. Rev. C. Pritchard, "*The Continuity of the Schemes of Nature and of Revelation*," preached at the British Association, 1866. Rev. H. P. Liddon, "*Fatalism and the Living God*," Salisbury, 1866. Bishop of St. David's, "*The present State of Relations between Science and Literature*," 1867. Dr. Hawkins, "*The Pestilence in its relation to Divine Providence and Prayer*," Oxford, 1867. I may refer also to Dr. Newman's "*Lectures and Essays on University Subjects*," and on "*The Scope and Nature of University Education*;" to Mr. Maurice on "*The Claims of the Bible and of Science*;" to the debate at the Norwich Congress on "*The spirit in which the Researches of Learning and Science should be applied to the study of the Bible*;" and to some of the Essays in "*The Church and the World*."

* One naturally thinks of Gilbert White and Bishop Stanley. The following clerical names occur to me as bearing more or less directly on the question. Naturalists, Mr. J. G. Wood, Mr. R. T. Lowe, Mr. S. C. Malan, Mr. F. O. Morris, Mr. H. B. Tristram; in botany, especially, Mr. Churchill Babington, Mr. M. J. Berkeley, the late Professor Henslow, Mr. C. A. Johns; in astronomy, Professor Challis and Mr. Frichard; in geology, the American, Dr. Hitchcock, and Mr. C. F. Watkins, not to repeat some older names, which are among the greatest on the geological roll; in entomology, Kirby, and the late Mr. F. W. Hope; in agriculture, Mr. Huxtable; in political economy, Malthus and Professor Rogers. The evidence of Dr. Hooker before the Public Schools Commission (in 382) gives an interesting account of the way in which Professor Henslow introduced the study of botany into the village school of his parish in Suffolk. Their ignorance of natural history was the very first count in Mr. Farrar's indictment against the clergy. I should have thought that no men who have so little professional connexion with the subject had done so much as the clergy to promote that pursuit.

"that Holy Scripture does not contain a revelation of what are called physical sciences; and that when they are spoken of, the language is that of sense, not of science, and of popular, not of technical usage." "The mistake" in Galileo's case, writes Dr. Pusey, "was not in the language of the Bible, but that men argued from language adapted (as language relating to visible phenomena must be) to the phenomena whereof it speaks, as though it necessarily contained scientific truth. *The claims of geology do not even touch upon theology.*"*

But these personal considerations have detained us long enough. I shall certainly not deny that the clergy are widely influenced by the soldierly feeling that they are bound to defend a position in which they believe that God has placed them, and which men of science seem too eager to assail. But, after all, the more important question is, not what the less or more distinguished representatives of the clergy really do say, but what their position logically binds them to say. Mr. Farrar is good enough to grant that the inmost heart of the English Church is "intensely truthful." Have the sons of the English Church no power to formulate their opinions, with clear intellects, as well as an "intensely truthful" heart? It will be convenient to discuss this question under the two aspects of the text of Scripture and the doctrines of revealed religion.

1. It is one of the oldest of canons on the interpretation of Scripture that we are not to cling to a meaning which was previously drawn from the letter, if the progress of science has shown it to be erroneous. The reason is clear; because the scientific belief of an age must colour its language, and because every single book of Scripture is expressed in the language of its age. When science advances, the old terms must be translated; and to translate one set of scientific symbols into another is no more taking liberties with Scripture or dealing unfairly with its readers than to make a version in a modern language. Laid down explicitly and repeatedly by Augustine, by Aquinas, by Bellarmine, the principle has been re-stated under the high authority of Pascal, of Buckland, and of Whewell.† As

maintained by the last two writers, it provoked the opposition of Goodwin and of Kenrick, and has probably roused the suspicion of a good many others who had not apprehended its precise force and meaning. In the sense in which it was really intended, the precept is as just as it is simple.

The hesitation which has been shown in receiving it seems to have sprung from a confusion between two entirely different positions. To affirm, with the above authorities, that Scripture stands apart from all scientific theories, is incompatible with the attempt to explain its language in the service of a theory, or to change the explanation with a view to the support of fresh opinions. It is one thing to say that Scripture confines itself to the use of ordinary language, which is not concerned with science at all, except so far as it is coloured on the surface by the prevalent belief. It is exactly the opposite thing to catch at every fancied coincidence between Scripture and recent discoveries, as though the simple words of the Bible were laden with recondite anticipations of science, which can be extracted by the help of fresh and questionable translations.

"There appear to me two opposite dangers," says Dr. Pusey, "of which we believers have to beware in regard to any science which touches upon the contents of Holy Scripture; firstly, an uncautious adoption of any such discoveries as may seem to coincide with Holy Scripture; or secondly, a misplaced fear that any legitimate results to which any science may come shall be adverse to Holy Scripture. In the one case we seem, as it were, to be underpinning our foundations and substituting sand for the rock; in the other we give an impression that we are ill at ease whether our foundations be solid. . . . We must beware either of bending the sacred text to conform it to some imagined result of history or physical science, or, on the other hand, of insisting upon our interpretation of it, as if, in such matters, it must *certainly* be the true one. . . . It was wise advice of St. Augustine: 'Since Moses is not here to tell us what he meant, we should be modest in pronouncing certainly that he meant this and did not mean that.'"—*Report of Norwich Congress*, pp. 181-2.

This address of Dr. Pusey's gives sufficient instances of cases in which old and

* Manning, "Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," p. 166; Pusey, "On Daniel," p. xvii.

† St. Augustine, "Confess., " xii., *passim*; "De Gen. ad Lit." i. 37, 39; "Enchiridion," c. 15, &c. (Opp., i. 220, iii. 129, 130, vi. 218); St. Thom. Aquin., "Summa," pars. I., Qu. lxviii. 1, quoting St. Augustine; Pascal, "Provincial Letters," p. 392. *sqq.*, ed. Pearce, quoting both St. Augustine and Aquinas (in fact it is remarked that St. Augustine's words "are cited in the same manner in every encyclopaedic

work of the middle ages;" Whewell, "Philosophy of Discovery," p. 56, from Digby); Whewell, quoting Bellarmine, "History of Scientific Ideas," ii. 306; Goodwin, quoting Buckland, "Essays and Reviews," p. 231; Kenrick, "Essay on Primeval History," p. xvii. Compare Dr. Newman, "Lectures and Essays on University Subjects," pp. 237, 242, *sqq.*

once familiar interpretations have been, or may yet be, abandoned, propounded by an authority which on such points is beyond appeal. According to Dr. Pusey, then, it is not of faith to maintain that the world was made only 6,000 years ago; nor, indeed, were the old interpreters unanimous in maintaining so recent an age. It is not of faith to reject the solution by which Hugh Miller explained the Mosaic cosmogony, "that God spread before the mind of Moses pictures of His creative operation out of time." It is not of faith to demand a higher rise or wider overflow for the waters of the Deluge than "that all the high hills in man's then world," which might fall very far short of "the highest in the known world," "were covered fifteen cubits, so that none could escape save those who chose God's way of deliverance." It is not of faith that the genealogies from Adam to Abraham were meant "as exact measures of man's existence on the earth." "*Prima facie*," he adds, "one should receive everything as it seems to stand;" but "the question having been raised, we ought to make clear to ourselves what is of faith, and what is not, lest those who are persuaded as to a different theory should injure themselves or others, by setting Scripture in opposition to the supposed results of science, when it is not. The truth of Holy Scripture is in no way concerned with these theories." It is true that there remains some scientific topics, such as the unity of mankind, which are really connected with Christian doctrines. But the descent of all men from a common ancestor is precisely one of those points on which the position of revelation is supported by an influential body of scientific men; and I believe it will be found that questions which are mixed up with matters of faith belong, for the most part, to the class of subjects on which science has established no right to tie us down to one conclusion rather than another.

2. With this explanation, the solutions suggested by St. Augustine's rule seem perfectly clear and intelligible. It is difficult to conceive a canon which admits of a more distinct exposition and a more ready application. But we are met by fresh questions when we pass from the form of Scripture to its substance; from mere turns of language and isolated phrases, bearing only on collateral topics, to the spiritual revelation which the sacred writers were commissioned to convey. On these fields there

have been disputes between theologians and men of science which the above distinctions seem inadequate to deal with. Must we admit that here at last the strife is internecine? Or must we say that now at all events the clergy are altogether in the wrong? Far otherwise. We certainly think the controversy needless; but we believe that the blame does not rest in this case with the interpreters of Scripture. So far as the difference goes beneath the surface, the chief blame rests with unprovoked aggressors, who have claimed the right of dictating within a province not their own on grounds which their success in science does not warrant.

No mistake that was ever justly charged upon the clergy can be greater than that which is made by men of science when they confound the provinces of observation and speculation, and claim the same authority in the latter as in the former. In the common use of the words, science is quite distinct from philosophy. We readily assent to the reports of scientific men, when they are agreed on their conclusions, throughout the whole range of material sequences. They are masters of a machinery by which they can reduce to order a vast mass of phenomena under certain grand and simple laws. But the case is altered if they proceed to theorise on the great problems of that spiritual world which lies everywhere beside and beyond the processes of nature, enfolding the whole realm of matter in a network of mystery to which no scientific method holds the key. We listen willingly to the physiologist when he gives us an analysis of the machinery of our bodies; when he traces out all "the ropes and pulleys" by which motion is conveyed from nerve to nerve, from limb to limb, from the resolution of the brain to the action of the hand. But it is quite another thing if he declares that his analysis exhausts the subject; that mind is nothing but nerve force, and mental movements, nothing but the rapid coursings of nerve currents; that, in short, our nature cannot be proved to contain any spiritual element which is distinct from the material, and subject to entirely different laws. These negative conclusions do not rest on observation, but on the speculations of the sense-philosophy; which in this case ignores the higher facts of mental observations, and builds itself only on the lower series. It is open to any one who pleases to argue in their favour; but he must do so with the understanding that he is deserting observa-

tion for theory, and passing from his proper province into a foreign domain, where the writs of science run no longer.*

But is this rejoinder valid when we turn to cases less extreme? The claims of science have been recently described by a writer who is eminently qualified to speak on his own subjects with authority. "The scientific mind," says Professor Tyndall, "can find no repose in the mere registration of sequence in nature. The further question intrudes itself with resistless might: Whence comes the sequence? What is it that binds the consequent with its antecedent in nature? The truly scientific intellect never can attain rest until it reaches the forces by which the observed succession is produced."† We admit the interest of the question he proposes, and acknowledge that it "intrudes itself with resistless might;" but we hesitate to grant that it lies within the range of science to conduct us to the final answer. A law of nature is but a formula for expressing the sequence which it has no power to originate. A force of nature is itself but a medium and an instrument, and has no claim to be regarded as a cause. We can appreciate the great conceptions by which these "forces" have been elucidated, and can admire the beauty of the system which connects the various chains of sequence under the uniformity of "correlation" and "continuity." But all these discoveries only prepare the way for a still more absorbing question, which "intrudes itself with" still more "resistless might:" What is the First Cause which set all this array of force in motion, and which guides it through the complicated counterplay of nature? What ultimate Agent poised the stars, and fixed the equilibrium of the universe, and adjusted and still controls the complexities of its interbalanced forces? To this far more engrossing question science leads the way, but can supply no answer. It must leave the mystery unsolved and insoluble, unless it submits as a learner to be taught of God.

It leads the way, because it suggests the conviction that the myriad details of its processes must have been designed by the supreme intelligence of a Personal Being, of whose Mind the mind of man is only the image. But it can supply no answer. Who and what that Being is, it is the special function of revelation to disclose. When

science has ascended as far as it can reach, it finds a limit where its power of research comes to an end, and its information ceases; while the very disappointment bears witness to the existence of some unknown sphere beyond. The highest abstraction of science is that of unity; but to account for the universe we need spontaneity; and, as Professor Tyndall elsewhere says, "there is no such thing as spontaneousness in nature,"*—i. e., in Nature distinctively so called. But there must be spontaneousness somewhere, or the great machine of the universe could never have begun its movements. The absence, then, of spontaneousness from Nature is simply an indication of its existence out of Nature. And here revelation intervenes to show us where it may be found; in the spontaneity of God, who "giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;" and who bestowed on man that secondary or derived spontaneity which we call free-will, and which makes him at once "a creature, yet a cause." The mind of man is not the highest term of the force of matter: rather it is the lowest term of the spontaneity of spirit; the nearest representative of that spiritual world in which the ultimate cause of all phenomena must be sought.

Professor Tyndall speaks (p. 646) as if the "preternatural," divided into miracles and special providences, exhausted the whole field of unseen agency which we contrast with the province of positive science. But the preternatural, as thus limited, would be only one phase of the supernatural, which really covers the entire range of spiritual action so far as it rises above the sphere of man. The case on the side of miracles is this, that they are only one mode of the action of the supernatural, though the difference of degree which distinguishes them from other modes is so great, that it almost amounts to a difference in kind. The term supernatural denotes the presence of the Divine agency, lying everywhere behind the veil of sense. The modes in which it makes itself felt may be arranged under the three great divisions of miracles, special providence, and grace. The work of God's spirit on the soul of man has been well described by Dr. Pusey under the title "The miracles of prayer." But all repose alike on the same foundation of God's constant presence; though discriminated by the differences of form and circumstances under which that presence discloses itself to human experience.

* Compare the Bishop of St. David's, "The Present State of Relations between Science and Literature," 25-7.

† Article on "Miracles and Special Providences" in *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1867, p. 657.

* Quoted in the Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law," p. 7.

It is mere waste of time and trouble to fight points of detail which flow from irreconcilable differences of principle. We ask, then, is there or is there not a supernatural world, governed solely by its own laws, exercising an all-pervading influence, and claiming a far loftier sphere than belongs to what we call the natural? Till the disputants have defined their respective position towards this question, it is idle to argue over the special topics of miracles, providential interferences, and acts of grace. Again, is the mind of man a unit of existence, created to fulfil the solemn destiny of an eternal life, through which its individuality shall never perish; or is it a mere concentration of the highest grade of power within the noblest form of organism, "a natural force or energy manifested to us only through certain changes of matter," and disappearing on the dissolution of the body into the reservoir of power from whence it came? This question also leads to positions so contradictory that reasoners who maintain the opposite alternatives are only wasting time on the discussion of the nature and effect of moral obligation. Again, is it legitimate for science, with the old sophist, to make man the measure of all things; or to insist, with the heathen world in general, that matter is eternal; or, in the teeth of even heathen philosophy at its purest, to make our own *æon* the standard for eternity? Is it not more consistent with the modesty of science to admit that the world of man's experience is rounded off at each extreme by an eternal mystery, as well as flanked throughout its course by the unfathomable depths of the unknown? *

* Observe how this latter fact is everywhere recognised by scientific writers. I take the following instances from the earlier pages of the "Origin of Species":—"The laws governing inheritance are quite unknown." "Variability is governed by many unknown laws." "We know not exactly what the checks are in even one single instance." "So profound is our ignorance, and so high is our presumption." "Our ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings." "Utterly ignorant though we be of the meaning of the law." "This (chance) of course is a wholly incorrect expression, but it serves to acknowledge plainly our ignorance of the cause of each particular variation." "Why . . . this or that part should vary more or less, we are profoundly ignorant; nevertheless, we can here and there dimly catch a faint ray of light," &c., &c. (pp. 13, 43, 67, 73, 78, 97, 131, 132, 5th ed. 1860). The same kind of remark is constantly suggested by the difficulties which arise in medical experience. Compare now the language of professed theologians: "The outburst of spring, 'in itself what is it? You give it a name: you call it vegetation. And perhaps you are a botanist: you trace and you register the variety of its effects and the signs of its movement. But after all, you have only labelled it.' Of attraction and gravitation, 'what do you really know about them? You name them; perhaps you can repeat a mathematical expression which measures their action. But after

What right have we to deny that matter was created, and may again be modified or partly swept away hereafter, merely because we have had no experience, as in the nature of things we could have none, of either its creation or its destruction?† Yet once again, what account must we give of revelation? Is it the Word of God addressed to man, or merely man's guess-work about God? So of the Resurrection, which believers accept as the chief event in history which is of paramount importance; the explanation of the darkest riddles in the past and present, the assurance of the brightest hopes for the future. They cannot discuss it as though it were some isolated marvel which rests on vague and questionable testimony, and could be cut out of the Christian scheme without being missed. The truths of revelation form one connected body of belief, based on the wide range of facts and experiences which bear their witness to the spiritual world. The assault on them too often rests, not on the assured facts of science, but on the groundless visions of speculation; not on the affirmative proof which is certified by observation, but on the negative suspicion that nothing can exist which the sense-philosophy refuses to recognise.

I will give only one instance of the confusion which arises from a neglect of those fundamental questions. Scientific men have been sometimes perplexed to find out on their own principles a proper province for prayer, the sentiment of which is too universal to be neglected, independently of direct revelation. They have generally recommended us to confine ourselves to what is called its *subjective* value, its calming and purifying effects on our own desires and emotions. But others have felt that to suggest a limitation so inconsistent with the natural language of prayer is scarcely worthy of those who boast that they are above all things loyal to the real and true. It is, I suppose, from some such consciousness that a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* intimated that we might legitimately pray

all you have only named and described an effect; you have not accounted for, you have not penetrated into, you have not unveiled its cause."—Liddon, *University Sermons*, p. 172-4.

† "Our theorists," says Paley, 'having eternity to dispose of, are never sparing in time;' and "even Mr. Darwin's enormous drafts will not break the bank of eternity." (Rorison, "The Three Barriers," pp. 24, 36). But it is not so clear that time has the bank of eternity at its command. See Professor Sir W. Thomson's note on "The Doctrine of Uniformity in Geology briefly refuted," "Proceedings of Edinburgh Royal Society," vol. v. p. 512; Mr. Fritchard's Sermon at Nottingham, p. 36; and *North British Review*, No. xcii. p. 298.

"that the efforts of science might succeed." But Professor Tyndall said some time ago, that if theologians think "that scientific discovery may be the result of a prayer," "the bearing of theology towards science at the present day is as unpardonable as it is unaccountable."* It seems to follow that it is right to pray for the success of science; but if that success takes the form of a discovery, it is "as unpardonable as it is unaccountable" to remember that the discovery was preceded by the prayer.

Professor Tyndall closes his article on "Miracles and Special Providences" with the following words:—

"To the theologian, with his wonderful theories of the 'order of nature,' I would in conclusion say, 'Keep to the region—not, however, exclusively *yours*—which is popularly known as the human heart: the region, I am willing to confess, of man's greatest nobleness and most sublime achievements. Cultivate this, if it be in you to so do; and it *may* be in you; for love and manhood are better than science, and they may render you three times less unworthy than many of those who possess ten times your natural knowledge. But, unless you come to her as a learner, keep away from physical nature. Here, in all frankness, I would declare that, at present, you are ill-informed, self-deluded, and likely to delude others. Farewell!'" (pp. 660.)

Surely this kind of language is a game that two can play at. I hope we have not the smallest objection to go as learners. Many of us would be only too happy if we could enjoy the opportunity of learning what Professor Tyndall can teach so clearly with the great advantage of his living voice. But in the matter of the present argument, we must take the liberty of retorting his advice on men of science. Let them keep to their rich fields of research and discovery, through the wide dominion of what they call "physical nature;" but until they are content to come as learners, in which character no men would be more welcome, they should resist the temptation which seems to beset them of dogmatising within the limits of an unfamiliar province. It can do no good to persist in testing the facts of the spiritual by the laws of the material; or to narrow our conceptions of the Divine Omnipotence by notions which are borrowed from the incapacities of man.

J. HANNAH.

* I take these two quotations from the *Guardian*, 1866, p. 988, and Dr. Pusey's "Miracles of Prayer," p. 21, note.

[We can hardly judge these verses impartially. Not only from sympathy with the adopted father, but from grateful recollections of Stray's hospitable reception of ourself, his hearty, vociferous welcome, and loving salutations.]

MONODY.

Multis ille flebilis occidit, nulli flebilior quam mihi.

BECAUSE thou art a dog, they say
I should not grieve for thee;
But little do they know, O Stray,
What thou hast been to me!

Companion of my daily life
Through six long years of care,
Thou oft hast cheered me in the strife,
And didst its burden share.

Ere yet within its wards a round
The winding key had made,
Thou caught, with ear attent, the sound,
And the intruder bayed.

I never raised the portal's guard,
But I received from thee,
As thou within kept watch and ward,
A greeting warm and free.

But chief thy welcome was exprest
In all its depth and height,
When thou upon the traveller prest,
Half frantic with delight!

Thy feats of necromancy, too,
Thy sense beyond thy kind,
Remembrance in her fond review
Endearing themes will find.

And thus thou art immortal grown;
For lines on memory traced,
More during than if graved on stone,
Can never be effaced.

Then shall I not in sorrow bend
Above thy lowly bier,
And pay unto so true a friend
The tribute of a tear?

Chilled were the heart by apathy,
That would not heave a sigh
To think such rare fidelity
And so much love must die!

Stray.

Nat. 1860.

Ob. 30 Aug., 1867.

Eheu!

CHAPTER LXXV.

GERTRUDE IS CALLED TO A STRANGE SICK-BED.

It was some days after this strange scene that Gertrude was lying quietly on the sofa in Lady Charlotte's drawing-room on a Sunday evening, reading extracts with Neil from an album lent to him by Mrs. Cregan.

"Mother, darling," the boy said with a smile, "this is just the book for you. Here's a whole batch of things about the poor."

"Treatment of the Poor in Workhouses; Improvidence of the Poor; Texts recommending the Poor to our loving Care; Debts of the Poor, and Payment by Instalments; Amusements of the Poor. Oh! I say, I like that, — *amusements of the poor!* Do they go to plays and pantomimes, I wonder? Oh, no! — here it is, — it's all about walks and fresh air, and opening of gardens, and so forth. Here, here's rather an interesting bit: I'll read it to you, darling mother; you lie still. Is your shawl over your feet? Not too heavy? Good. Now, then, here goes. It is somebody writing about opening the Botanical Garden in Edinburgh on Sundays, and he says, —

"I think that when the educated undertake, even 'on principle,' to curtail the innocent pleasures of the uneducated, they should consider whether the deprivation is the same to the two classes. I affirm that it is *not* the same. The educated man, the scholar, has perpetual gardens in his memory, in his books, in association of cultivated ideas. The uneducated or half-educated man depends on the positive, on the visual, for enjoyment; and in a still more intense measure do the poor require the positive and visual. An educated scholar may pass a Sunday in his study easily, in meditation and prayer. A poor mechanic *cannot*. The other is richer than he. Not only richer in the fact that he has a warmer house, more adorned apartments, the power of ordering some vehicle, if the weather be downpouring when he wishes to shift the scene, — but richer in *ideas*. The educated man condemns the uneducated man to a certain number of blank hours when he deprives him of outward associations. Set a child to meditate. A child *cannot* meditate, nor bear the oppression of unoccupied time beyond a very brief period. Neither can the poor man. His holiday is as necessary to his soul as a meal to his body. His hungry spirit lives on simple things. Your educated

mind feeds on complex things, which he cannot obtain. Like the sick man, —

"The common air, the earth, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

"It may be a fit occupation for *you* to sit through the day without such refreshment. You see the wonders of God in thought. Let him see them where God set them for his simpler creatures. The flowers that bud and die, holding a sermon in their very hearts, — the grass that withereth away like a man's life, — is the contemplation of such things a sinful pleasure, because to him a more intense and rare enjoyment than to you? When he beholds with wonder the pitcher-plant, — emblem of the fountain in an arid desert, — can you make *him* consider it a common thing, as it is to you who have seen it and read of it a hundred times? Or will seeing that wonder of God on his one leisure day make him less pious, less inclined to muse on the works of God, the Creator, in such spare moments as he has?

"I repeat it, the educated and uneducated do not meet on even terms in these denials of recreation.

"That which is pleasure to you, to them is nought, — a strain of thought that only perplexes. You cannot fill the weak vessel with that spiritual wine; it would break and burst. God made religion simple; a thing for babes and sucklings; to comfort the dying cottager; to be a hope to the ignorant beggar. Man makes religion complex; and spins cobwebs of his own thin laws round the broad and manifest law of God. Those who take Scripture texts for warrant against innocent Sabbath recreation are like those who take Scripture texts to prove that they know the set term and duration of this mortal globe. As, in the very book from whence prophecies are culled to prove at what date our world shall be destroyed, we are expressly told that God keeps that secret even from the angels, — so in the very book Sabbatharians quote, they are expressly told that 'the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.'

"For those who would argue on the wretched narrow ground of mere task-work; who say, 'Oh! we can't have gardens opened where watchers and gatekeepers must be employed,' — there is an answer so easy, that it is a wonder so much dispute can be maintained on such a sandy foundation.

"Parks, gardens, lodges, — houses with

gatekeepers, gardeners, porters, and servants,—are in constant occupation all over Great Britain on the Sabbath day. If the poor man may not have his walk in the Botanical Garden because a gatekeeper must let him in, why should a fine lady's coachman drive her to church, or for an airing? Why should any servant in any house be troubled with any common duty? Why should not the whole machinery of life stand still till Monday morning? If the answer be, "These other things are necessary, the poor man or mechanic's walks in these gardens are not,"—I say, "Neither are the things of which I made mention necessary: they are harmless, they are habitual; but they are *not* necessary. Some are positive luxuries: all bear an exact analogy to the recreation for which the occupying of a few gatekeepers is required."

"In the city of Edinburgh, where so fierce a denunciation against harmless Sabbath recreation is forever going on; group after group of filthy drunken creatures lie lounging in the public way, to the scandal and dread of the passers-by,—even on and about flights of steps leading to chapels where their most eloquent and earnest preachers rivet the attention of more decent hearers.

"Such groups are never seen on continental Sabbaths,—not even in Paris, that most dissolute of cities; and, in the country towns and villages of foreign lands, such scenes are positively unknown.

"These stricter Sabbath rules, and the vehement battle of sects as to how to keep God's day holy, do not make Scotland a moral country. Drunken in a greater measure than other countries, fierce in crime, she can scarcely point to the evidence of her training, as proof of the success of her theories; and, peradventure, it would be a blessed change there, if, in lieu of Sabbatarian discussion there was such Sabbath recreation as might lead the mind of man neither to sensual pleasure nor to burning disputation, but to those scenes which lift him

"From Nature up to Nature's God."

"Well, now, I think that is all very true," observed Neil, as he paused to take breath. "Don't you think it is true darling mother?"

"Yes, I do, Neil. I think it true and just; and I heartily wish it would become the universal opinion."

"Ah! yes; but are there such pig-headed people in the world? people whose understandings really seem to be turned upside

down. Lady Clochnaben, mother, is an upside down woman. She is always wrong, and always thinks she is right. It is a pity we can't pack a few moderate sensible thoughts on the top of her mind, and then ticket her 'this side uppermost.' But she will never be converted."

Neil paused a moment, and then added, with a slight degree of hesitation,—

"I think a woman should be very kind and gentle. I don't know what would become of the poor at Clochnaben and Torrieburn, if it were not for Effie and Mrs. Ross Heaton. They can't give much money, you know; but Effie reads, and Mrs. Ross Heaton makes capital broth for them; and altogether they are very good to them. And, mother, do you know I overheard Mrs. Cregan speaking of you yesterday to Lorimer Boyd, when he called after arriving in London from Vienna. She said she thought you looked ill; but you were still busy, and she believed a special blessing from God would rest on your head, because of your unwearied goodness to the poor."

A slight flush tinged Gertrude's cheek and brow.

"My boy, Mrs. Cregan is a very generous, warm-hearted woman; and she says many kind things of me and others."

"But don't you believe it, mother? don't you believe in the special blessing? I do. They thought I was not attending; but I heard her. Those were her very words. I do think, when your dear name is mentioned, I sprout a couple of extra ears; I seem to have four instead of two. I can hear all down a long dinner-table if they speak of you. And I feel so proud of you, mother! I know you are so good, so far beyond all other women. I feel I could thank God every day for making me your son and my father's."

A moan escaped the pale lips he bent to kiss; and that wild appeal—"O my Neil!" which Lady Charlotte had complained was spoken "in a tone that made one's heart ache," and was "so unreasonable, and so unlike dear Gertie"—once more puzzled and pained the sensitive lad by her side.

He was silent for a minute or two. He asked for no explanation, but bent anew over his book. A smile played presently round his full young mouth. "O mother! here is such a quaint little bit! I must read it to you. Listen now. I don't know what it is about, except that it is still something respecting the poor. It is quoted from some very old pamphlet called the 'Petition of the Poor Starving Debtor,' printed in 1691, and advising that we should

subscribe to pay the debts of the poor. And it says, 'Such charity is an act of great piety towards Almighty God; who requireth it of us. For He hath left the poor as His pupils, or wards, and the rich as His stewards, or guardians, to provide for them. It is one of those great tributes that He justly requires from the rest of mankind, which, because they cannot pay to Him, He hath scattered the poor amongst them to be His substitutes and receivers.'

"And here's a little bit against pride; a curious little bit, saying, 'That, in Charles the First's time, noblemen and gentlemen thought it a very good provision for their younger sons, to bind them apprentice to rich merchants.'

"Well, I can't say I should like to be taking an inventory of bales of silk and sacks of coffee, instead of shooting and fishing at Glenrossie. I think, if I had lived in that mercantile day, I should have taken my cat, like Whittington, and gone to seek my fortune."

"It was the cat that went; Whittington stayed in London," said Gertrude, smiling; "so you would have had to be patient and industrious before you even came to be Lord Mayor; which seems to have been then considered what the present population of Paris deem it now, — the greatest dignity in the world."

"Well, I trust I should have attained it; and Effie and I would have come to visit you in long crimson and blue robes as represented in the story-books. Poor Effie! I hope a letter will come to-morrow. Cousin Kenneth was scarcely so well when she last wrote."

Gertrude sighed, and leaned back on her pillow. Thought, which is lightning quick, once more took her through those days in the Villa Mandorlo and the more fatal scenes at Glenrossie, and so floated her soul away to her lost Douglas, and his health, and the singing of that unknown, whose voice "was one of the sweetest he had ever heard."

Neil, too, sat musing. His boyish spirit was out far away over the hills, in the moonlight, bidding weary little Cousin Effie a sorrowful good-bye.

So there was deep silence in that luxurious room, where the clear boyish voice with its earnest intonation had been lately reading those extracts respecting the poor, — silence deep and unbroken.

All of a sudden, the door was hurriedly opened; and Lady Charlotte, with an open note in her hand, and an expression of

anxiety and perplexity on her weak little face, came in exclaiming, "Now I do hope and insist, Gertie, that you spare yourself, and don't go!"

"Don't go where, little mother?"

"It is a letter from that widow, the mother of Jamie Carmichael, who used to be at Torrieburn, you know, that poor Mr. Heaton was so good to" —

"Yes, dear mother. She has had to struggle for a livelihood lately. I have seen a good deal of her. She is doing better. Jamie's apprenticed; and she takes in lodgers in an humble way."

"That's just it, Gertie; that's just what's so ungrateful. I mean, after you have helped her, and put her in a way of having lodgers, to send for you in this sort of way to see one of them! Why should you see a lodger? I want you to rest, and take care of yourself; and she sends urgently requesting you to see lodgers. Pray don't see a lodger. Let her send for the doctor. That's much better."

"Let me see her note, dear mother," said Gertrude, with a smile, half weary and half compassionate. "If any one is ill, I ought to go — it is in my district."

"District! Now, my own darling Gertie, are you a clergyman? Besides, a lodger does not belong to *any* district; and you see she says he is *strangely ill*; well, is not that more the doctor's business than yours? If he's *strangely ill*, you may not know what to do, or what is the matter with him, a bit better than she does; and it may be something catching. And it's a man. I wouldn't mind so much if it were a woman; but really, after the Isle of Wight — though to be sure there are not so many smugglers in London, only I think — oh, Gertie, *don't go!*" exclaimed Lady Charlotte, getting quite entangled in the network of her own rapid sentences, and suddenly breaking off, "Don't, pray don't!"

But Gertrude had risen from her sofa, and stood folding the note in her fingers, and looking very grave and resolute. She stooped, and kissed her mother's cheek tenderly, and said, "Do not be over-anxious for me, my mother. If it were God's will that I should suffer for doing His work, I should not escape by neglecting it. I solemnly promised (and I am only one of many who visit in the same way) that I would come, when called, to the sick or dying. The person lodging with Betty Carmichael appears to be dying, and dying very miserably and uncomfortably; he has told her he has not a friend in

the world. I must go to him. When the doctor comes, I shall return. Do not fear for me more to-day than any other day."

"You look more weary to-day, worse than ever," said poor Lady Charlotte, with half a sob.

"I was a good deal agitated talking over matters with Lorimer Boyd, you know; I had not seen him for a very long time. But I have been lying down, and am quite rested and strong again. Neil has been reading to me."

"Ah! I am sure *he* doesn't think you ought to risk your health in the way you do!"

The boy looked eagerly up from his book, as if he had not caught the drift of the reference made to him. His mother smiled.

"Neil, on the contrary, has got a beautiful creed from Mrs. Cregan, that a special blessing rests on me during these visits."

Neil started to his feet, and threw his eager arms round her.

"I do believe it; I do believe God keeps special blessings for those who are like you. You always seem to me like one of the beautiful pale saints in pictures, and what you think right to do seems to me the only right. God bless your visit and you, dear mother. May I come?"

"No, my Neil; but I will not be long away."

Not long? It seemed to Lady Charlotte an interminable visit; and her prophecy of evil was apparently fulfilled to the letter, when a hurried pencilled note came from her daughter, saying that the person she had visited was said to have a bad sort of fever, and she thought best, for Neil's sake, not to return home at all till the medical man had made out what ailed him.

More, Gertrude did not tell that weak but loving mother. For what there was to tell besides would have driven her half-distracted with pain and terror.

When Lady Ross reached the obscure lodging where Betty Carmichael earned her scanty livelihood, she found the poor old Scotchwoman in a panic scarcely to be described. She led her—thanking her at every step—up the little creaking staircase into the small clean room. There—stretched on a bed, panting, with swollen features, his head so closely shaved as to be entirely bald, and a long auburn wig, dank and soaked with water, on the pillow by him—lay 'the lodger' whom she had been called to see. He had fallen in the river, Mrs. Carmichael said, and all his things were wet; and she had not known

he wore a wig till it slipped off; and she had left it there, not daring to touch anything: afraid of the man.

"Do you feel very ill? Do you wish any one sent for who would know you? Have you no friends with whom I can communicate? Medical assistance will be here directly."

So spoke the sweet grave voice; and the sweet serious eyes waited to see the wretched being turn and answer, if indeed he was sensible.

In a moment he turned with a struggle, grasping the bed-clothes with his hand; sat upright in bed, and looked wildly in Gertrude's face.

His aspect was inconceivably horrible. A sort of purple pallor overspread his skin; his bald head gave yet darker expression to his great lustrous eyes; his mouth was swollen and half open; he had the expression of one who strives with a frightful dream. She had seen him before; but where?

Gertrude gazed, wondering: she endeavoured to command herself; but nature was too strong she suddenly gave a wild shriek, and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't leave me! don't abandon me! have pity!" gasped the man, clutching now at her dress. "Something ails me more than common—some horrible stroke of death. Don't leave me, and I'll make you bless the hour—don't!"

Gertrude slowly uncovered her face.

"Fear nothing from me," she said: "I will neither leave you nor betray you. I know you. You are JAMES FRERE!"

A groan was the only answer; but there was a look of wild appeal in his eyes, such as the hunted stag at bay gives when the dogs have fastened their fangs in his side.

"I won't leave you till the doctor comes," repeated Gertrude; "and I will return early to-morrow."

"I may not be here to-morrow; stay by me now. I have something to tell you before death chokes my life out."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

HUNTED DOWN AT LAST!

THAT eventful Sunday evening happened to be one (among many such) which the Dowager Clochnaben devoted to contradicting her son Lorimer. She had not had a favourable opportunity of contradicting him for a considerable period. He had been away at Vienna; and it is difficult to

carry on arguments by letter if your correspondent obstinately omits all answer to the topics in dispute.

A Clochnaben "dictum" that "Heaven would probably visit the capital of Austria with fiery vials of wrath" on account of Strauss's waltzes being performed by military bands in the gardens there "on the Lord's Day," had always been passed over by him in his replies *sub silentio*, to her very great indignation; and she now recovered her opportunity for its discussion.

The occasion seemed certainly hard upon Lorimer, as the match which lit the gunpowder of her stored-away and slumbering wrath was a *cadeau* offered by himself; an almanac enamelled and encrusted with turquoise and garnets, in that style of Viennese workmanship in which the sinful admirers of Strauss and of military music so greatly excel.

"Humph!" said the Dowager, as she grimly planted the almanac on the chimney-piece, "I see they mark the Sunday (in their absurd foreign lingo) in the list of days, just as if they kept it."

"Well, they do keep it, in their own way."

"Yes, so you told me, and a pretty way too; banging drums, and playing on fifes and trombones and ophicleides in the ears of all passers-by, and encouraging folk that ought to be hearing something very different to dawdle up and down listening to their heathen clatter."

"My dear mother, I'm sure I wish, if it could be more agreeable to you, that they played on shawms and trumpets and timbrels — whatever timbrels may be."

"That's right, Lorimer, make a simple jest of it! Little you care for the desecration of the Lord's Day. I believe you actually prefer your wicked continental Sabbaths to the decent Sabbaths of Scotland, which you were taught to reverence as long as I nurtured you in the way of the Lord."

"Well, I confess I feel very much weaned from that nurture, my dear mother. And, having seen Sabbaths now in Lisbon, Paris, Vienna, Florence, Naples, Marseilles, Milan, and a number of other towns, I must say, for their wicked inhabitants, that in no single instance, either among a rough mercantile or a luxurious and idle aristocracy, have I ever witnessed anything approaching, in the remotest degree, to the indecent desecration undergone by that memorial day in your paradise of Sabbatarians, my native Scotland."

"Those that won't look certainly can't be expected to see," retorted the Dowager,

with a sniff of indignation; "and it's my belief you'd say you saw nothing wrong if a fair or a cattle-show were held on the Sabbath day, and a ball given in the evening."

"You are mistaken, my dear mother. But I am not about to enter into 'the vexed Bermoothes' of that whirlpool of argument as to how much, or how little, relaxation and recreation are permissible on Sundays. The Dervishes of the East believe they best pay respect to their Deity by the monotonous exercise of twirling round on one toe, or hanging on by their elbows to a suspended staff, like flying foxes and sleeping bats, or by the yet more passive service of letting their nails grow to a portentous length; and the Dervishes of the North may have their own notions of the extent of monotony agreeable to the Great Creator of infinite variety; to the God who sends millions on millions of men hourly into the world, and no two men so alike in understanding, aspect, voice, or bearing, but that their fellow-creatures shall know them apart, and acknowledge a distinction and difference between them. I merely persist that the 'continental Sabbath,' as you call it, is much more decently and inoffensively kept than the Scottish Sabbath."

"The Scottish Sabbath is much obliged to you, I'm sure!"

"Well, you know, my dear mother, you yourself complain of the drunkenness, the vice, the pleasure-orgies, that go on even in your own neighbourhood there. Now I recommend you to make a little continental tour; and in the leisurely hours you may spend in a Viennese or Italian promenade, consider these alternative propositions. Either the Scotch are so innately and incorrigibly corrupt, that no amount of teaching and preaching can bring them to spend their time decently on that particular day, or there is something radically wrong in the coercive rules you would lay down for their spending it. I am of the latter opinion."

"Of course you are. We should spend our time in listening to drums and fiddles and chattering balderdash, instead of going to church, I suppose?"

"No; but, in my opinion, it is the lack of any innocent and wholesome occupation or recreation that gives over the clay tenement which holds a soul to the devil. 'He findeth it swept and garnished,' and steps nimbly in, with the minor devils of sensuality and drunkenness at his heels. The continental Sabbath is a day of prayer at intervals, from the early sunrise of matins to the taper-lit evening mass. But it is also a day

of recreation; a day of enjoyment in the open air; a day when men and women are not expected to shut eyes and ears to all but a nasal monotone of appeal or thanksgiving for blessings apparently granted entirely in vain. And now let us have no more of this, for I must go out, and leave you and the Austrian almanac to settle the matter between you. I promised to call on Lady Charlotte Skifton."

"And that Sabbath saint, Lady Ross, I presume?"

"And on Lady Ross," answered Lorimer, in his sternest tone.

"Well, then, you'll find neither," retorted the Dowager, with a certain degree of triumph; "for I've just had a note from Lady Charlotte, and she'll be here directly,—ready to whimper, I suppose, as usual—with the boy Neil, who says you promised him a dog on your return. As to his mother, she has wisely gone to see some beggar in a fever, and daren't come back till she's consulted a doctor about infection. I suppose you think that a fit employment for the Sabbath day?"

"Yes, I do; a very fit employment. 'Whether is it better to do good or to do evil on the Sabbath day?' I lay no claim to originality in that last sentence;" and a "grim smile" curled round Lorimer Boyd's mouth.

"Oh! of course you approve. When people lose their characters, it's a fine flourish to set up going about doing good."

Lorimer's small stock of patience vanished in exasperation.

"If," said he bitterly, "she had joined that peculiar regiment of effete pleasure-seekers who deem themselves enrolled as God's own dandies, with the Rhodopes, Messalinas, and Lesbias who are the *vivandières* of their religious camp, and who, as soon as enlisted, think themselves better able to teach and preach than all the regular clergy of Great Britain,—you might say so, mother. But, so far as I have known, Gertrude Ross has done good without seeking the reward of human approval; without setting herself up as judge or instructress; or copying those wonderful Christian professors who are so struck and amazed at their own late conversion, that they must needs pass it round like the bottle after dinner, ignorant, or incredulous, of the patent fact, that, long before they ever read a line of Scripture, the persons they appeal to were already walking with God to the best of their ability."

"You needn't be so violent," sneered his

mother. "We all know you can't endure a word that doesn't worship Lady Ross."

"I can't endure hypocrisy, wherever I find it, either in man or woman. I hate to see persons who are unfit to teach, teaching. I hate to see men who have led base lives *kotooed* to, and listened to, perhaps publicly thanked, when they ought to be degraded and forgotten; I hate to watch the vain struggle of the innocent to be justified, or the successful effort of the deceiver to be set on high. I consider such reversal of God's clear justice to be the true translation of 'taking His name in vain.' I hate"—But what more Lorimer meant to denounce—while his mother angrily watched his fierce, intellectual countenance, ready with a keenly-sharpened answer, as soon as his voice should pause—cannot be known; for at this juncture in came Lady Charlotte, "ready to whimper," as prophesied by her scornful relative, and Neil, who threw back his eager head in Lorimer's warm embrace, and said laughingly,—

"I'm come with Mamma Charlotte, out of avarice and self-interest. Where's my dog?"

"Here," said Lorimer, with a smile so sweet and kindly, that it scarcely seemed the face of the same man who had just been speaking. "Here! and a smart little fellow he is, with your name as owner already engraved on his collar. You must train him to English, for he is only used to German; and don't begin by delivering him over to some groom to clip his ears and tail, as if, among other improvements of the works of creation, God didn't know how to make a terrier. And now where is your dear mother?"

Neil lifted his rosy mouth from the passionate kiss of welcome he was imprinting on the terrier's forehead, and said, "She's gone to see a poor man who is ill."

"But where is the poor man?"

"At—here's the address;" and Neil dived into his pocket, and pulled out with sundry other small articles a somewhat battered little memorandum-book, which he presented to Lorimer with one hand, still caressing the dog with the other.

Lorimer took his hat.

"Where are you going now?" said Lady Clochnaben. "Lady Ross is not returned."

"I'm going to break the Lord's Day by looking after that beggar," said her son as he closed the door and disappeared.

A thrill of something as like alarm and concern as her nature permitted ran through the iron bosom of the grim Dowager. She

had been listening to Lady Charlotte's querulous terrors during the presentation of the dog to his young master, and felt the truth of her "whimpering" cousin's observation, that *It must* be something very particularly dreadful, or Gertie would not stay the night away from home."

"Run after him," she said to Neil, — "but, no; it is of no use asking him to stay for *my* behest. Fair faces are the devil's best tools. And your daughter's one of them," added she, turning suddenly and with exceeding fierceness to poor Lady Charlotte; whose whimpering thereupon broke into sobs.

While they argued, Lorimer stalked forth, and, taking the first cab he could meet with, drove rapidly to the obscure lodgings of the old Scotchwoman.

Many and many a year afterwards he still saw vividly, as he saw it then, the scene which presented itself to his eyes.

There was more light in the small room than ever had lit the humble apartment before, each of the hurried visitants having merely set down the candle furnished to them. The doctor was there, and Gertrude, and that Creole wife, unknown by sight to Lorimer, the terrified old Scotchwoman, and the "neighbour" who had done the office of a servant in attending to the house-door, and who, now following Lorimer with another light, had left that and the room-door alike open. That he had come during the last gasp of a horrible death-scene was Lorimer's instant impression. Gertrude was kneeling by the blind-looking, purple-bloated object, stretched panting on the bed. The Creole was standing near her, weeping, her face hid in her hands. The doctor and those others present, all gazing with fixed and yet shrinking scrutiny on the dying man; the light falling full upon him and them, though flickering, torch-like, in the draught of air from the staircase.

As Lorimer moved with an exclamation of painful anxiety towards Gertrude, another group appeared at the gaping doorway.

AILIE was there with two policemen!

Her little hands were lifted and clinched in front of her slender person, like two little claws ready to pounce. There was no more escape for James Frere. The thirst of vengeance could now be quenched by a long satisfying draught. He was hunted down at last!

She stood for a moment as if scarcely understanding the reality of what was passing; those little feline hands still suspended in their odd attitude of seizure, with her eyes glitteringly fixed on the Creole.

"Take him!" at last she said, in a sharp, short whisper. "Take him!" and she turned her head to the men behind her.

Lorimer Boyd, roused by the words and the movement, looked up, looked towards her, while the group round the bed remained absorbed in the agony before them.

"Wretched woman," said he, "the man is *dead* whom you have trapped and taken."

DEAD!

James Frere had escaped her after all.

As Ailie turned and fled, with a hoarse cry, from the death-chamber, Gertrude rose slowly to her feet, and looked round as in a trance. A wild, unnatural, ecstatic smile was on her face. It changed a little; a certain degree of consciousness was in it as she espied Lorimer.

She moved towards him with an effort, like one who walks in sleep.

"Look!" she said, in an odd whisper, as strange as her countenance, "look!" and she held up a roll of battered and crushed papers, gravel-stained and torn.

The picture of Gertrude standing thus in the wavering light that beat to and fro, as if it had something of the triumph of life in it, never left Lorimer's memory, nor the strange effect of the same flickering and moving radiance passing over the deathly stillness of the bed, over the dark-shadowed eyes of the dead man — his bald discoloured shaven skull, and his thin knuckles clinched outside the sheets, with their deep-indented scar more visible than ever on that white background.

He seized Gertrude's hands with a trembling grasp. "Come away; oh! come away from this place," he said.

"You should all go — go immediately," said the doctor, as he gently and pityingly touched the sobbing Creole's shoulder. "This man has died of the worst species of typhus; the 'black fever' of the books. Leave the window wide open, and go, all of you, go! It is the strangest case I ever assisted at."

In a minute or two more, all was hushed and darkened there; and the corpse of James Frere was left alone.

Lorimer led Gertrude forth. She neither wept, nor fainted, nor trembled; but once, when in his agony of anxiety he pressed her hands tightly in his own, she murmured, "Oh! I hope I shall not wake and find it all a dream!"

Then, by degrees, the state of stupefaction seemed to melt away; she looked round at the room in the hotel where he was staying, into which he had brought her — thanked him — said "it was right not to take her to

Neil,"—and in the effort to conclude the sentence, "It would be such bad news for Douglas if our boy were ill,"—the dark clouds of oppressive thought clashed together, and a shower of tears at once relieved and exhausted her.

Lorimer never spoke. He sat silently by, his arms folded tight across his broad chest, as if in resolute effort to avoid any ill-judged impulse to console or check that convulsive fit of weeping.

She was the first to speak. She stretched her hand across, and laid it gently on his arm.

"I have got THAT LETTER!" she said, with white trembling lips. "I have recovered the letters they stole from me, to persuade Douglas I was false. Then she told him all, as she herself had learnt it from the wretched being whose strange and erring life had just ended. He had admitted every particular that Lorimer had already heard respecting his career to be true. He claimed to be Clochnaben's son when a young man carrying on a most dissipated career at college. Not that he had ever seen him as a child, or knew it till his mother's death, who had then assured him of it and put into his hands Clochnaben's letters in those early days, full of protestations of everlasting attachment, and proving that her sole means of subsistence was an income received from her seducer. Unaware of the sort of man with whom he had to deal, and not yet experienced in the world, he had rashly brought these letters and proofs to Clochnaben himself, with an appeal for support and fatherly protection. Clochnaben gave him fair words and specious promises, affected to be much touched at reperusing his own old love-letters,—got them into his possession by giving Frere a sum of money in exchange; and from the hour he had so deprived him of all means of corroborating the scandal—as he termed it—of his connexion with Frere's mother, utterly denied that any such intimacy had ever existed; and declared it was the invention of the young adventurer, whose career he nevertheless at first attempted to arrange, by getting him foreign mercantile employment, and so getting rid of him.

It was years since he had received assistance from Richard Clochnaben, when he presented himself with the false and specious tale Gertrude might remember, at Clochnaben Castle. He had then escaped from gaol instead of a Roman Catholic seminary. Nothing was true except his privations, which had been very real. He brought with him two or three letters supposed to

have been found among his mother's things after the major portion of the correspondence had been bought by Clochnaben. The latter instantly taxed him with the forgery; pointed out that he had not been at that time in England, or at any place from which they were dated, and declared that on the smallest further attempt to establish such relations between him and Frere, he would himself deliver him up to justice, "and see him swing with satisfaction." That notwithstanding this declaration, and the rage he had shown at the odd accident of invitations to supersede Heaton, which had made Frere an inmate under the same roof, he had supplied him with a sum of money to facilitate his escape at the time the detective had come to Glenrossie, taking a dreadful oath never to repeat such assistance if he dared to return to Great Britain.

He had never since received one farthing of help, and had continued to "live by his wits," having drained every sixpence he could from the infatuated Alice Ross.

"Hunted down at last," by that unexpected avenger, he had sought in vain an obscure asylum in disguise of a travelling artist. Afraid of the police, who came suddenly upon him in a tavern while consulting with one of his former felon companions, whom they were seeking, he had made one of his narrowest escapes by threading unusual streets and bye-lanes, and coming out at last on a narrow canal that ran by the Regent's Park. There he hastily hailed a barge that was slowly making its way past him, and giving a couple of shillings to the man in charge, asked for a passage, saying that he had been walking all the morning, and was footsore and fatigued. He lay down under shelter of some tarpaulin, and felt nearly suffocated by the strange and disagreeable odour of the cargo in the barge. He sat up and looked into the water, which appeared to him dazzling with beautiful colours; he became perfectly giddy and insensible, and on attempting to stand up, lost his balance, and fell over the unprotected ledge of the barge into the canal. He was assisted out, put into a cab, and was quite sensible enough after the immersion, to give his address, and not sorry to have an excuse in his landlady's eyes for remaining in bed and in hiding. The dreadful smell, however, haunted him, and he was unable to eat anything either that day or the next. His eyes then became affected; small bladders of blood seemed to fill and weigh down the lids, and, within a very brief period from the sending for Lady Ross, whom he recognised,

he became blind, and the eyes presented a most dreadful appearance — bloodshot, blank, and staring. He told Gertrude he was certain he was dying from the inhalation of poisonous vapours on the barge; that his blindness was a judgment on him; confessed all, and referred her for a portfolio of papers to the Creole, whose address he gave. She had listened at first incredulously to Gertrude's story, and seemed to think it some new attempt to entrap him, but at length proposed to accompany Lady Ross, carrying the portfolio with her. From the mass of papers, drawings, plans which he had feared to take when he fled from the vicinity of Manchester Square, he gave a packet, in which was the letter to Kenneth in the condition in which it had been formerly found. He said that more than once lately he had considered whether he would not propose to sell it to Lorimer Boyd, or to Lady Ross herself, but was deterred by the fear of being given into custody; and that he was still casting about who he could employ to transact that business, when he was stricken by his strange malady. By the time his broken confession was over, and the doctor's examination made, he was insensible and dying; his body covered with suffused spots, his eyes a blank, jelly-like mass.

The doctor had been of opinion that he died, as he had said, from inhaling poison, and that the poison was refuse matter from some gasworks on the banks of the canal.

He did not anticipate any fatal effects to those who had assisted the man in his horrible illness, as it arose from such peculiar causes; but they should be careful for some days.

And so ended Gertrude's agitated narration, and at the close, she lifted her weary, hopeful, lovely eyes to Lorimer, questioning both by words and looks how to get all this disclosed to Sir Douglas.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

INVALIDED HOME.

THEN Lorimer had to make an avowal on his part, of being in possession of news painfully interesting to Gertrude. Sir Douglas was ill: very ill: any very sudden agitation might be fatal to him: he was in fact invalided home; and Lorimer had already resolved to go out to him, and had written to try and secure the services of Giuseppe, as an excellent sick nurse and attendant, and who on his return might be of use to Kenneth,

of whose bodily condition late accounts had been unfavourable. Gertrude must put her patient trust in God as hitherto, and believe, as Lorimer believed, that she would receive her reward, even in this world, for all the faithful uncomplaining tenderness with which she had borne her hard lot as respected her husband.

So Lorimer departed; and, after her few days' anxious quarantine, Gertrude dwelt once more with her mother and her beloved Neil, and waited news from the Crimea.

Is it forgotten? Is it faded to a sad dream, except with those who actually took part in it, that war waged with disaster as much as with the armed foe? that war, in which, to the eternal glory of English courage, the heroism and endurance were proved equal to the heroism of action; and boys and men, and aged warriors alike showed their willingness not only to die fighting for their country, but to die miserably, tediously, obscurely, for their country, — without either murmur or appeal? when beardless boys taken from luxurious homes, served in the trenches and camped in wreaths of snow, and bore the awful change with eager gallantry; till mothers made childless knew when the tidings reached them, that those they had so fondly cradled and so tenderly reared had perished, *killed*, but not *conquered*, by the harshships of that war?

Are the names *but* names now of strange far-away places known to us only by maps and sketches, where the best blood of England reddened the streams, or sank in the alien earth? Are they vanished, like the thirst that was quenched in the Bulganac River, after that burning and weary march, prelude to the war of the morrow, — when men stood gazing on the rugged and precipitous heights that crowned its banks, and on the roots of willows mowed down in a bitter harvest to prevent shelter or concealment of a foe; while three hundred yards of fire blazed in the distance from the quiet village of Boulïoïh?

Is Alma but a vague melodious sound? where, fording that unknown river, and marching straight into batteries held to be impregnable, we drove out the five-and-forty thousand men before the sun marked three hours of time for the struggle? Do men shudder still at the tale of ever-memorable Balaklava, when circled by a blaze of artillery, front, flank, and rear, the gallant horsemen rode to death at the word of a mistaken command, and left two-thirds of their number on the ground? The dull November mists of morning, in our safe English homes, never bring to musing fancy the fogs

of that miserable anxious dawn at Inkermann, when those who had worked in the trenches all night were suddenly called forth from their comfortless rest in tents and on the bare ground, to charge against that overwhelming and barbaric foe, who mutilated the dead to avenge the bravery of the living?

Are our dreaming ears never haunted on safe home-pillows, by floating watchwords through the night, of the brief sad sentences spoken by dying lips, whose farewells were given so far away? "Forward, 23d!" shouted one young voice. "Stand firm, for the honour of England and the credit of the Rifles. Firm, my men!" cried another. "Come on, 63d!" says their leader. "I will fight to the last!" is panted from the breast of the overpowered swordsman called upon to surrender. "I do not move till the battle is won!" exclaims the crippled hero who lay bleeding before Sebastopol amongst guns still directed by him against the enemy.

Do we think as our daily post comes happily in, or as we ourselves carelessly sit down at our writing-tables for an uneventful correspondence, of that charnel-house at Varna, and all the "last messages" written by deputy for poor soldiers at Scutari, and on board the swarming troop-ships, and in the miserable hospitals denuded of stores or fit appliance for the wounded? Do the stray scattered sentences return recorded among a thousand others, when one writes, "Praying my mother will not feel the misfortune of my death too much;" and another, "Write to my father, he will break this to my wife;" and some still wrote the triumphant date, "Written on the field we have taken from the enemy!"

And are we mourning yet for other deaths?—the deaths of those who came back to native land, and pleasant homes, whose faces were once more dwelt on by loving, tender eyes, whose hands were once more clasped by loving hands, but who were so worn and shaken by the post tempest of that wintry war, that, like nipped trees, they stood for a little while, and then succumbed and fell?—those who have not survived to wear the laurel in future wars, but who rest under the "cypress and yew!"—sorrowful trees of their own green land—soldiers who died in our time of peace, when "the bitterness of death" seemed ended, and have left a blank in many a home that never shall be filled?

Do we ever see, as we cross, on a sunny day, from the gardens opposite Queen Victoria's palace and the Horse Guards, a vision

of the crowded Park on that thrilling day when such of her wounded heroes as had returned, passing before her in their lines, — receiving a medal and a word — for the life that was risked, and the health or the limb for ever lost, and loyally saluting, amid the cheers of the crowd, the Ruler of the country in whose service they had bled?

Events follow events in this busy world of ours as wave follows wave on the wide and restless sea, — too happy if they do not pass like those waves, leaving only, here and there, a narrow heap of weed thrown up on the shore, where the landmarks of history stand.

How much is remembered, and how much forgotten; how many are rewarded, and how many suffered to float away into oblivion and neglect, — is best known to those who should receive, and those who could bestow, the prizes that glitter in the eyes of the lovers of glory; and the approval which should be the recompense of those who would fight and suffer, if only for duty and conscience' sake.

Sir Douglas was not among those who could claim reward for action. He had served his country well in many a past campaign; but the dreary days had come to him, as to many another gallant heart, when he was compelled to own that the body could no longer obey the soul's behest any more than the soldier, bleeding, fainting to death on the battle-field, can rise to the sound of the bugle-call, and march with his comrades to victory.

In bed, or in a blanket on the ground in his tent, on board a crowded steamer borne to an hotel at Pera, looking forward at one time only to a grave at Scutari, rallying a little, and struggling so far with sickness as again to engage with the enemy, only again to be disabled, not by wounds, but by sickness, depressed, worn out, exhausted, and miserable at the helplessness consequent on this condition, he had at last to surrender to the force of circumstances, and confess himself a dying invalid.

His letter to Lorimer was the letter of a broken-hearted man; and he proved his consciousness of that fact by the closing words of his letter: "I am not the only officer of command here who am dying, not of the privations of the camp, or the wounds received in battle, but of a broken heart."

And Lorimer knew that only the extreme of fading and failing weakness would have wrung that sentence from his friend and comrade, dear to him from boyhood till the present hour.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

PEACE IN GLENROSSIE.

THE summer days wore on. Sir Douglas had embarked, and was on his way home. So much at least was known to Gertrude's restless heart. That strange and dreadful life, so busy round him, of alternate wet and cold and heat, of toil to procure water or proper food, of roads impassable, and insufficient clothing, of wounds and cholera and exhaustion, of trenches and pickets, of overloaded troop-ships, and miserable moving of dying men on mules and rough contrivances of planks, decimated companies, and needless sacrifice by neglect and mismanagement of lives that might have been spared, — all that was over. But the mortification of inaction, and the private sorrow of heart, these things remained ever present with him; and at first his state of debility was such, that the faithful friend who had joined and now accompanied him, daily expected the bitter task of writing home to say that "all was ended," and that the gallant spirit had passed away from all earthly struggles to the long peace of death.

A better fate was in store for him. As they neared England, his health improved; and when at length Lorimer Boyd announced their landing at Folkestone, he was also able to add that he hoped, before leaving that port, to break to him all that had occurred since the day that Gertrude had been called to Frere's strange and dreadful sick-bed, and in obeying that call had indeed gained the "special blessing" which her young son believed would descend on her head.

Once again he wrote from the hotel at Folkestone. Sir Douglas had such an access of despondency on finding himself once more in that saddened England which he had quitted under such grievous circumstances, that he had been confined to his room with low fever. Lorimer owned that at last he risked the shock of a more abrupt communication than he had originally intended, "lest our Douglas should die, and never know the truth on this side the grave."

All had now been told him; the papers given by Gertrude were in his possession, and had been read and re-read with many a bitter groan of vehement self-reproach. He sought no excuse in the chain of circumstances that had led him to deem her false whose truth had been so clearly proved, though he spoke sorrowfully of the constant concealment of facts which,

clearly explained and understood, would have seemed harmless and innocent as they were in reality. He spoke also of the suffering he had endured at times from flashes of torturing doubt, repelled with all the strength of his heart, but recurring at wretched intervals, as on the day when he heard Kenneth so passionately speaking with Gertrude in the morning room, and found her agitated beyond what a common sympathy in his supposed domestic troubles could reasonably justify. And lastly he revealed to Lorimer — with injunctions never while he lived to breathe that secret to mortal ear — the events of that fearful morning when Kenneth, delirious from drunken excess, had attempted his uncle's life, accompanying that murderous assault with the wild speech, — "Part from her yourself; part from her forever!" And be sure if I do not marry your widow, no other man shall!"

The narrow escape from death which the unsteadiness of the drunkard's aim had then permitted; the pain and misery of mind Sir Douglas had undergone, sitting with his bandaged hand throbbing with pain, listening to the treacherous tale of Alice Ross, and reading, as he thought — as any one would have thought — the certain, incontrovertible proofs that Gertrude was on the eve of a sinful yielding to the passion so wildly and daringly expressed for her, not only to herself, but to her husband; the pining for her, the haunting of all memories of her, in spite of these convictions; the yearning for death on the battle-field; and the slow, ignoble, sickly, wasting-away of life that came instead; the agony of perplexity caused by Neil's innocent boyish letters about his mother and Kenneth, and his young cousin Effie; the longing he had to countermand his own strict and solemn injunctions to Lorimer, and entreat for news of Gertrude, of home, of the treasures he had lost and abjured in vain, — all this did Sir Douglas acknowledge with an cuppouring of the heart that left no thought unknown to the faithful friend who now soothed, and nursed, and consoled him with assurances of the patient love and lingering hope that had upborne his innocent wife through all the bitter misunderstanding that had parted them.

"I knew this happier day would come," Lorimer wrote to her. "I was a true prophet of good; and I think in the depths of your heart you also looked for it sooner or later. Now let me beseech you to try and be as calm and well as possible, and expect Douglas back at Glenrossie with

what haste I can permit him to make, being, as I am at present a combination of sick-nurse and commander-in-chief.

"You must expect to see him altered, dear Gertrude; he is *very much* altered: very much more deserving of that title of 'Old Sir Douglas,' which it once so surprised you he should have obtained. But happiness is a great restorer, and I trust you have both many, many years of such happiness in store. — Yours ever, LORIMER."

The very sentence thus worded to reassure Gertrude filled her with that trembling anxiety which comes to those who love, like an extra sense.

If he should yet be taken from her! If he should die before he could reach Glenrossie! If she herself should fail, and faint, and perish before she could once more be folded in his embrace! — before she could speak words of love and welcome and pity, and see him stand on his own threshold-stone, by the side of her Neil, as on that fatal morning when she looked back at them from the carriage window as she left for Edinburgh, not knowing that look was to be her last! If, after all, they never should meet again on earth, after all her hopes and her triumphant justification!

Feverish was the life that Gertrude led during these days of helpless expectation. All the care of her which poor Lady Charlotte attempted to take seemed utterly in vain. Eating, sleeping, sitting still for more than a few minutes at a time, were all alike impossible. Yet she obeyed Lorimer's counsel. He had adjured her not to attempt to join them, even should Sir Douglas be delayed on the road by any relaxing or variation in health, — at all events not to come unless sent for. In the tranquillity of his own home, let the broken soldier recover the agitation which must naturally follow such a meeting as they looked forward to.

She obeyed. She was patient. The day at length dawned, which should give its sunset light to their re-union. She read again and again the sweet brief line in her husband's own handwriting, "My Gertrude, I am coming home to be forgiven."

"*Forgiven!* O love! O husband! O Douglas!" Scarcely could she refrain from such audible exclamations as broke the miserable meditations of her sleepless nights, when in her former grief she thought of him afar off, soothed by the songs of some stranger's voice.

The day wore on; the sound of wheels rapidly approaching was heard in the

avenue. Louder and nearer it came; louder and nearer still; till it suddenly ceased, and the master of Glenrossie Castle stood once more at the portal of his forsaken home.

"My wife!" was all Sir Douglas said. Lorimer Boyd had stepped aside as they left the carriage, and caught young Neil to his breast. The aged butler stood trembling and tearful as his master leaned a moment for support on his arm, and passed feebly in; while Gertrude, with a mixture of tenderness, suffering, and triumph in her face, such as beams from the countenance of the wife in Millais's unequalled picture of the "Release," folded her arms round the stately form whose head bowed low as if unworthy her embrace, and sobbed aloud for very excess of joy.

Nothing could part them more, — nothing but death: the long weary grief was over: the lesson of patience ended. There was peace at last in Glenrossie!

What would my readers have more? The rest of my tale is briefly told, or may be briefly guessed. The sorrowful approach of Kenneth the day after his uncle's arrival; humbling himself to the dust before the kindly pitying generous eyes that filled with tears as he bade him welcome. The triumph of Lady Charlotte, and the frolic of her curl, as she boasted of the justice done at last to her Gertie by the impetuous Sir Douglas, "who, however superior he might be thought by strangers, had owned himself entirely in the wrong." The iron spite of the Dowager Clochnaben, who resolutely crushed the tender little woman's joy; assuring her that the WORLD merely saw the yielding of a "silly auld carle" in Sir Douglas's misplaced indulgence, "after all that had happened, you know;" and that as to Kenneth, "folk might call it penitence if they pleased; but she called it softening of the brain." The wondering gladness of Maggie, when the light broke in upon her that her slender Effie would one day hold her place at "the Castle" as the bride of young Neil, and so melt Torrieburn and Glenrossie into one glad home. And last, not least, the rest of heart that came to Lorimer, lonely though many of his days might be; looking back to the long, long friendship which had ever found him leal and true; from the boyish days at Eton, till the passions and anxieties of early years were looked back to like a dream, and he sat by the winter fire and discussed the hopes and fears of a new generation at Glenrossie, with "Old Sir Douglas."

Allie had disappeared. There was indeed a rumor sent abroad in the narrow circles of Torrieburn and Glenrossie, that far North, in one of the bye-streets of the ancient city of Aberdeen, a spare and slender female lived, who answered her description; and whose occupation it was to prepare and execute cushions, and nets, and mats in soft coloured chenilles. Soft chenille that lightly covered the sharp wires beneath; so that when worn, and old, and broken, the faded trifle, ragged, and crooked, and witch-like, tore the inexperienced hand that lifted and fain would bend it back into shape. These, in their first soft freshness, she brought to the various hotels where visitors and sportsmen "put up," on their tour far North: and they were sold as the work of 'a decent bodie who had seen better days.' Furtively, in the dim foggy autumn evenings, that lady made her rounds; scudding swiftly, — creeping softly, — gazing warily, — avoiding all greeting or recognition, gliding round the dark corners from the better streets to her forlorn garret in a grim and gray stone house, five stories high, with little solid windows black with age. She had told the sharp slatternly landlady, she "could not pay a heavy rent," and she "liked a high room:" she had been "used *all her life* to a very lofty room, though small."

The high stone staircase, greasy with filth, seemed indeed no fatigue to that spare figure. Swiftly she passed upward; so swiftly, that the long ends of the shabby light boa she wore round her throat waved in the air as if it had life: and only sometimes, if she heard voices, or saw some unusual glimmering light on the flats beneath her own as she ascended, she would pause, and peer with half-closed gleaming eyes, and swiftly vanish out of sight if she heard a door open or a footfall on the echoing stair.

Never was her own door open: never but by one rare chance, when she had gone out more hurriedly than usual with her chenille-work, because a Royal Princess was passing through the city of Aberdeen.

On that one rare occasion, a little meagre girl, tempted by curiosity, and the vista through the grim portal of those glossy, soft, bright-coloured materials, with their shining wire foundations glancing in the light, — stole in and stood by the table, absorbed in a mystery of admiration and contemplation. She never intruded again. That spare grim lady softly returned; gripped her sud-

denly by her bony little shoulders, and shook and "worreted" her as a cat might shake a mouse. She dared not beat her. The "neighbour" whose child she was might have hauled the cat-like lady to a police-office. She "only shook her." Shook her because she believed she was trying to learn how to make those wire baskets and sheathe their claw-like feet in velvet chenille. But that shaking checked all curiosity, for a long time to come, in the little bony victim, — causing her to sit stunned and stupefied on the topmost step of the stone staircase, though in close vicinity to the awful door; unable to recover from her giddiness sufficiently to take refuge in the flat below where she dwelt, in happy squalour, with her bony little sisters and brothers.

Ah! how different was the lone garret in that stony house from the bright morning-room at Glenrossie!

There once more, in the glowing light of reconciled love, and the glorious autumn sunshine, sat Sir Douglas and his happy wife, talking of the past and future, with voices full of gladness and eyes serene with peace.

Only now and then, with a sigh of fond regret, Sir Douglas would lament the "two years and more of life wasted in distrust." And Gertrude, with her low voice full of all the music of tenderness, would answer that self-reproachful speech with its counterpart; "I ought to have told you all at first; I ought to have told you!" and echo back his sigh.

Once only she saw her vile and treacherous sister-in-law again. Once Sir Douglas and she were on their way to some pleasant visit near Inverness, and, during their halt in Aberdeen, they had taken a stroll in the outskirts of the town, near the sea.

There, in the gray evening, a spare figure stood, that waved its hands a moment as in some aching despair, and disappeared in the distance.

"What is it, Gertrude?" said Sir Douglas, as he drew her arm closer within his own.

"I thought I saw Allie!" she answered quickly, and clung to that dear protecting arm. "I thought I saw Allie looking out over the sea!"

Was it Allie, indeed? and was she thinking of the awful day when the smuggler was murdered, or the day she hunted Frere down at last, or the love-day on the hills at Glenrossie?

THE END.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

INROADS UPON ENGLISH.

THE English-speaking people of the nineteenth century, whether they live at home in the British Isles, emigrate to America, Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape, or are the descendants of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen who have emigrated a hundred or two hundred years ago, are continually making additions to their admirable mother-tongue. The English language is endowed with a higher vitality than any other now spoken upon the globe, and begs, borrows, steals, and assimilates words wherever it can find them, without any other rule of accretion than that the new word shall either express a new idea or render an old one more tersely and completely than before. Literature very justly refuses to receive these new-comers, until after a long period of probation, just as a common soldier does not rise from the ranks and become a general at one bound, but has to prove his worthiness on well-fought fields, and mount to the higher place through successive grades of favour and acceptance. It is not every man who wills that can add a word to our or any other language; for the best coinage of foreign gold does not of necessity pass as current money, and may be refused in the marketplace; neither are the critics or lexicographers all-powerful to deny literary honours to a word if it becomes popular, and maintains its place in the speech of the multitude. In the appendix to the fourth edition of Phillips's "World of Words," published in 1678, the compiler presents the reader with "a collection of such affected words from the Latin or Greek as are either to be used warily and upon occasion only, or totally to be rejected as barbarous, and illegally compounded and derived." Among the words which he thus places under ban are such now familiar and absolutely indispensable friends and instruments as *Autograph*, *Bibliography*, *Evangelise*, *Ferocious*, *Inimical*, *Misanthropic*, *Misogynist*; while amongst the others in the same category which have never succeeded in obtaining favour, are *Abdominous*, having a great paunch; *Circumstantiation*, making out by circumstances; *Flexiloquent*, speaking so as to bend or incline the minds of others; *Multivolent*, willing or desiring many things; *Spurcical*, talking obscenely; *Voluptable*, causing pleasure and delight, and many others that appear as unnecessary now as they did at that time. Chaucer introduced

many hundreds of words from the Norman-French, which not even his great example was sufficient to naturalise; and at a later day Spenser made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to revive from the ancient Anglo-Saxon many excellent words which never should have been allowed to perish. Yet notwithstanding these illustrious and many other failures, the language has continued to grow, expanding like a tree by its own inherent vigour, and only resisting additions that are clearly unnecessary, or that, if necessary, are made too lavishly or suddenly by rash, unpopular, or incompetent teachers.

One great advantage which the English possesses over every European tongue is that it is two-fold. Like the star in the great constellation of Orion, which seen by the naked eye appears single, but which observed through the telescope is found to consist of two equally bright orbs that revolve round each other, our speech may be described as *binary*. Within its broad and yearly-expanding circumference are contained two separate forms of expression, — the one simple, homely, strong, solemn, poetical, passionate, and Saxon; the other refined, colloquial, argumentative, and Latin. He who would without much trouble perceive the great difference, and yet the close relationship between the two, has but to read a chapter of the Old Testament in the recognised English translation of the reign of James I., and compare it with the same chapter in modern French. The English version will be found full of dignity, solemnity, and grandeur; the French will be found easy, colloquial, familiar, almost flippant. Yet the story and the ideas are the same. The superiority of the English is wholly due to the Saxon element of the language. The literature of England is for this reason under such heavy obligations to the Bible (independently altogether of questions of morality and religion) that it is impossible to believe that our poetry could be, as it is, the noblest body of poetry in the world, if the pious divines and ripe scholars of King James's era had taken it upon themselves to translate the Bible into the polite language of the Court, or into any other than that employed by the plain-minded common people. Next to the Bible, and influenced by its literary example, the poets have been the great conservators of the English language. The business of poetry being above all other things to appeal, in the first instance to the heart, and rather to that than to the fancy or the imagination, the true poets choose of

necessity the simplest and most passionate words for their purpose. The great poet speaks to all his countrymen and countrywomen, and not merely to scholars. If he would be understood of all, he must use the best and strongest words, and such as express most emphatically the most precise shades of meaning. It is the poets who make one word do the office of a whole sentence, who crystallise ideas into the most compact forms, and who give their countrymen in one immortal line the quintessence of a thought which ordinary prose writers might spread over whole pages.

In the present day in the English portions of the world,—European, Asiatic, African, Australian, and American,—all educated people use three different kinds of English: Bible, or old Saxon English, when they go to church or read good poetry; vernacular or colloquial English, not altogether free from slang and vulgarity, when they talk to one another in the ordinary intercourse of life; and literary English when they make speeches or sermons, and write or read articles, reviews, or books. This threefold division of the language has always existed, though the great bulk of the people, up to very recent times may have only been familiar with the first and its limited range of nouns, verbs, and adjectives, chiefly composed of strong plain monosyllables of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian origin and their immediate derivatives.

At a very early period of English literary history, many of these excellent Saxon words, whether used by the peasantry or in the colloquial intercourse of the upper classes in remote country districts, were not considered proper for the purposes either of polite conversation, of pulpit oratory, or of the poet or prose writer. Puttenham, in his "Arte of English Poesie," published in 1582, eleven years before Shakespeare had given to the world "the first heir of his invention," his beautiful poem of "Venus and Adonis," defines the somewhat narrow topographical limits of the current literary English of his time, and prescribes to the neophyte in poetry what language he shall employ. "Our writer, therefore, at these days, shall not follow Piers Ploughman, nor Gower, nor Lydgate, nor yet Chaucer, for their language is now out of use with us; neither shall he take the terms of Northmen, such as they use in daily talk, whether they be noblemen or gentlemen or their best clerks (clergy), nor in effect any speech used beyond the river of Trent; *though no man can deny that theirs is the purest English Saxon at this day.* Yet it is not so courtly

nor so current as our Southern English is; no more is the far Western man's speech. Ye shall, therefore, take the usual speech of the Court, and that of London, and the shires lying about London, within sixty miles, and not much above."

All our greatest writers from the days of Shakespeare to our own, have, consciously or unconsciously, acted upon Puttenham's advice; and, notwithstanding the boasted increase of education amongst us and the flood of newspapers and periodicals poured out daily and weekly over the country, it is to be doubted whether the bulk of the peasantry, except perhaps in Scotland, understand literary English, or could make much, if any, sense out of Pope, Addison, or Johnson; Thackeray, Grote, or Macaulay; or the leading articles of the daily papers. But in the United States of America other influences have been at work. There is no London and no Court to give the fashion in literature. The same words and the same ideas are current all over the immense domain, and many of those words and ideas are derived from the lowest substrata of English life as it existed two or three hundred years ago; and with a republicanism in language as well as in politics, the Americans consider the word that is good enough for the field, the shop, or the warehouse, to be quite good enough for literature.

The United States, in throwing off the political restraints that, in the days before the Declaration of Independence, attached them to the mother-country, threw off the restraints of fashionable English as spoken at home; and as the population was from year to year increased by immigration, mostly of persons without education, who brought with them the local words of the English counties, and of the sister kingdoms of Scotland and of Ireland, the language received a constant accession from this source. Thus, although the influence of English literature has been great in America, it has not been great enough to keep American writers within the customary limits of the language as spoken and written in the Old World. Such a result would neither have been natural nor desirable; and the vast number of words, obsolete or provincial with us, that were carried to America generations ago—that have cropped up amongst them—and that, when met with in American writers, come back upon us unfamiliarly, or are no longer recognised, are a clear gain to the language. These words and phrases have often received, but very unjustly, the name of

Americanisms, many of them being not only pure Anglicisms, but made English forevermore in [the pages of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson. There are, however, two other classes of words which are daily growing up amongst our American cousins, and passing not only into colloquial, but into literary use, which more properly deserve to be called Americanisms, inasmuch as they are racy and of the soil, and are produced and generated by circumstances out of the reach of European and English experience, and descriptive of things, and modes of life and thought, not existent amongst ourselves. Some of these words are pure inventions; some are perversions and caricatures, more or less grotesque, of pre-existing words or phrases; * some are affectations that happen to hit the fancy of the vulgar, in a country where the vulgar form a much larger majority than elsewhere; and some are adaptations from the language of the aboriginal Indians, and of German, French, and other immigrants. Words of all these classes are so numerous in the American newspapers, that are for the most part conducted by men of very little education, who care more for the thing they have to say than for the mode of saying it — that English in America threatens to become, at no distant day, a very different language from English in England. When the late Emperor Nicholas, smarting more or less under the sense of the defeat he had suffered in the Crimea at the combined hands of the English and French, decreed that certain documents should be translated from the Russian into the “*American*” tongue, he was, as Mr. R. W. Emerson might say, “wiser than he knew,” and unconsciously uttered a half-truth. Of late years, partly in consequence of the great interest excited by the Civil War, and the more than usually copious extracts made by the English newspapers from those of America, and partly in consequence of the popularity achieved by many American books, such as “*Sam Slick*,” “*Uncle Tom’s Cabin*,” the “*Biglow Papers*,” and the

jest of Artemas Ward, a large number of American words and phrases, that ought not to be admitted into English literature, have been creeping into use amongst us, and exercising an influence upon the style of our popular journalists, our comic writers, and even of our ordinary conversation, that ought not to be encouraged by any one who desires that our noble language should remain undefiled. It is our purpose to note the arrival of some of the most prominent of these strangers amongst us, to point out such of them as seem to be worthy of acceptance and hospitality, and to place a mark of reprobation against those vulgar interlopers for whom the language can neither find room nor countenance, though a knowledge of their meaning is necessary if we would thoroughly understand American politics, and appreciate either the wit or the wisdom that comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic.

Where the Americans borrow words local in England or Scotland, such words being good in themselves, and expressive of meanings not otherwise to be rendered so forcibly or completely, English writers and speakers, so far from condemning the practice, ought to be glad to follow the example set by their use. Mr. Marsh, an American author, in his “*Lectures on the English Language*,” says very truly, that “so complete is the Anglo-Saxon tongue in itself, and so much of its original independence is still inherited by the modern English, that if we could but recover its primitive flexibility and plastic power, we might discard the adventitious aids and ornaments which we have borrowed from the heritage of Greece and Rome, supply the place of foreign by domestic compounds, and clothe again our thoughts and our feelings exclusively in a garb of living organic native growth. Such, then, being the relations between Anglo-Saxon and modern English, it can need no argument to show that the study of our ancient mother-tongue is an important — I may say an essential — part of a complete English education; and though it is neither possible, nor in any way desirable, to reject the alien constituents of the language, and, in a spirit of unenlightened and fanatical purism, thoroughly to Anglicise our speech, yet there is abundant reason to hope that we may recover and re-incorporate into our common Anglican dialect many a gem of rich poetic wealth that now lies buried in more forgotten depths than even those of Chaucer’s ‘well of English undefiled.’”

Among the many old English words cur-

* While we write, a remarkable instance of the creation of a new word comes before us in the American press. The American Government, as every one knows, has recently purchased from Russia a large extent of barren land in the extreme north-west of the continent, known to geographers as “*Russian America*.” This purchase has been condemned by many as worthless; and one opponent of its completion designates the country as unfit for human habitation, and only fit for the white bear, the seal, and the walrus. The last word struck the imagination of some one or other, and, through him, that of the people; and Russian America is now called “*WALRUSSIA*.” The name is likely to be permanent.

rent in America, but little known in England, and erroneously considered as Americanisms, it may suffice if we quote the following out of hundreds that are continually making their appearance in books and newspapers:—

Bender.—To go on the *bender*,—i.e., to go on a course of drinking, derived from *bend*, to crook the elbow in lifting the glass to the mouth. Mr. Bartlett, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," describes a *bender* as meaning in New York a "sport," a "frolic;" but the word appears to have been originally introduced by the Scotch, and to be by no means peculiar to New York, and to signify a hard drinker, as well as a course of drink.

"Come, gie's the other *bend*;
We'll drink their health, however it may end."
—Allan Ramsay.

"Now lend your lugs, ye *benders* fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine."
—Allan Ramsay.

"The friends of the new-married couple did nothing for a whole month but smoke and drink metheglin during the *bender* they called the honeymoon."—Sam Slick, "Human Nature."

Fall, autumn.—This beautiful word, once as common in England as in America, has become so rare amongst us as to be unfamiliar in all but local and provincial English. It once enjoyed literary honours, and is quite worthy of them.

"A honey tongue and heart of gall,
Is fancy's *spring*, but sorrow's *fall*."
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how last *fall* he raised the weekly bills!"
—Dryden.

Meech or *Mich*, to skulk.—This old Shakesperian word, says Mr. Bartlett, is still heard occasionally in New York and New England. "Oh, brethren! I warn you not to make too sure of success, for you may be disappointed. When you fall short of the object for which you jump, you go *meeching* off, like a cat that missed her mouse."—Dow's 'Sermons.' In Shakespeare's 'Henry IV., Part I, Falstaff says: "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher*?" Lyly, in 'Euphues,' has, "What made the gods so often truant from heaven, and *mich* here on earth?" One of the characters in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'The Scornful Lady,' asks—"Surely she

has some *meeching* rascal in the house." Spenser, in his 'Account of Ireland,' speaks of "fellows who straggle up and down the country, or *mich* in corners among their friends idly."

Mung.—This word, the preterite of the old English word *ming*, to mix—whence *mingle*—appears to have been carried to America by some of the earliest emigrants, and to have survived in a form that puzzles the grammarians. Mr. Bartlett, under the phrase *mung news*, in his Dictionary, defines it to mean "false," "fictitious," and adds that he does not know its origin. *Mung news* does not mean false news, but confused, mingled, mixed up, and contradictory statements, all of which cannot be true.

Muss.—Mr. Bartlett designates this word as a corruption of mess, a squabble, a row, a confusion, and declares it to be a common vulgarism. He quotes the following example from the 'New York Spirit of the Times': "When near their place of debarkation they came across a gang of boys, with whom they came into collision; and as that class of individuals are always inclined to have a bit of a *muss*, that result was soon accomplished." In Shakespeare's time, and in England, *muss* was not a vulgar word.

"Of late, when I cried Ho!
Like boys into a *muss*, kings would start forth
And cry, Your will!"
—'Antony and Cleopatra.'

Platform, the principles agreed on by a political party, on which the party stands.—This word is universally used in America, from whence it has been of recent years re-imported into England, and employed so often as to be familiar to all readers and speakers. Though considered American, it is of English origin, and was common to the writers of the period of the Commonwealth. "And lay new *platforms* to endamage them."—Shakespeare's 'Henry VI.' "Conformably to the *platform* of Geneva."—Hooker. A *plank* of the platform is a phrase peculiarly American, not yet naturalised in England, meaning one of the principles of which the platform is constructed. "Every *plank* and splinter of the *platform*."—'Providence Journal.'

Rile.—This old English word, more correctly written *roil* or *royl*—and meaning, to stir up the waters until they become turbid; and, metaphorically, to vex any person by stirring up his opposition and exciting his temper—is almost obsolete in Eng-

land, but is very common in America. The word is useful, and is gradually making its way back into colloquial English. The Americans have made an adjective out of it, and speak of an ill-tempered person as being *ripley*.

Sag, to bend in the middle like an extended rope; to give way under pressure, like marshy ground under the foot. — "That it may not *sag* from the intention of the founders." — Fuller's 'Worthies.' "The heart I bear shall never *sag* with doubt." — Shakespeare. From "sog," the preterite of "sag," comes "soggy," applied to marsh or bog. "We marched ten miles over a *soggy* wilderness." — 'New York Tribune.'

Slick. — This word, rendered familiar to English readers by Judge Haliburton in his immortal 'Sam Slick,' is supposed, both by Americans and Englishmen, to be an American corruption of the English word "sleek" — smooth, glossy. That this supposition is not correct, and that slick and not sleek is the ancient English pronunciation in use before America was discovered, appears from the following quotation from Chaucer's 'Romaunt of the Rose,' where it rhymes to *chick*: —

"Her flesh tender as is a chicke,
With bent browes, smoothe and *slike*."

The Americans have given a meaning to *slick* somewhat different from that conveyed by *sleek*, such as quick, easy-going, facile, as in the following: — "I've hearn (heard) tell that courtin' is the hardest thing in the world to begin, though it goes *slick* enough afterwards." — 'Traits of American Humour.' Thus an American may say that a man has a sleek and glossy appearance, and that he goes *slick* about his business. In this sense, the English language may be well content to borrow back its own child.

Slide, to disappear from sight, to go out of one's thought or concern. — To let a thing *slide*, is a very common expression in America. "If California," said a senator in Congress, "is going to cost the Union so much, it would be better to let California *slide*." The phrase occurs both in Chaucer and Shakespeare. Dorigene, in the 'Franklin's Tale,' "let her sorrow *slide*;" and Lord Walter, in the 'Clerke's Tale,' was so fond of hawking, that he "let all other cares *slide*." Shakespeare, in the 'Taming of the Shrew,' has the still stronger expression, "Let the world *slide*."

Sliver, a long shred or slice. — In England this word, which is seldom used, is pronounced with the *i* long, in America with

the *i* short. Chaucer rhymes the word to deliver, which proves the Americans to be right.

"She that herself will *sliver* and distraut
From her maternal sap, perforce must
wither." — 'King Lear.'

"As there was nothing else to get hold of, I just *slivered* a great big bit of the leg off the chair." — 'Sam Slick in England.'

Splurge, to flounder about in the water with a great noise and splash; to swagger and make a great fuss and display of one's wealth and importance; to cut a dash. — Mr. Halliwell, in his 'Archaic Dictionary,' cites *splairge* as a Northumbrian word with the same meaning. "Cousin Pete was there, *splurging* about in the biggest, with his dandy-cut trousers and big whiskers." — 'Major Jones's Courtship.' "Our would-be fashionables and shoddy aristocrats are off to Newport or Saratoga to make a *splurge*." — 'New York Herald.'

Squelch, to crush any soft substance, animate or inanimate. — An English word now almost obsolete, but of daily use in America.

"He was the cream of Brecknock,
And flower of all the Welsh;
But St. George he did the dragon fell,
And gave him a plaguiey *squelch*."
— 'St. George and the Dragon.'

Squirm, to wriggle like an eel or a worm. — This is a purely English word, little used at home, but constantly employed in America. "The gentleman is suddenly seized with the retrenchment gripes, and *squirms* around like a long red worm on a pin-hook." — Speech of Mr. Pitt in the Legislature of Missouri.

Stent, an allotted portion of work; that portion which, when he has completed, the worker may leave off, *cease*, or *stint*. — Both *stent* and *stint* in this sense have dropped out of current English, though once common. Swift uses the word *stint* as an allowance or portion when he says, "'How much wine do you drink in a day?' 'My *stint* in company is a pint at noon.'" "Little boys in the country working against time, with *stents* to do." — Theodore Parker's 'Oration on the Death of Daniel Webster.'

Wilt, to droop, to decay. — Webster, who admits this to be an English word, though not recognised as such by previous lexicographers, denies that it is synonymous with *wither*, as commonly supposed, and defines it to mean, "to begin to wither," to lose freshness, and become flaccid as a plant

when exposed to heat in a dry day. "A wilted plant," he says, "often revives and becomes fresh, not so a withered plant." With this meaning the word is worthy of a place both in colloquial and literary English and is a clear gain. The late Artemas Ward used it *more suo*, in a ludicrous sense — "I said to her, 'Wilt thou?' and she wilted."

All these words, with the exception perhaps of "bender," which partakes of slang, are worthy of the favour of English writers and speakers, and can boast, as will have been observed in our quotations, an ancient, and in some cases an illustrious English ancestry. Among Americanisms, more properly so called — words that were invented in the country, that grew out of its social and political life and manners, that have passed into books and conversation, and that the purists at home cannot for ever shut out of the dictionary, especially since we have begun to Americanise our politics, and to travel down the greasy slope that leads to universal suffrage — are such political words and phrases as "buncombe," "caucus," "lobbying," "wire-pulling," "log-rolling," "axe-grinding," "mass-meeting," and "indignation-meeting." Many of these are already current among us; and the last meeting under the auspices of the persistent, not to say the impudent Beales, which was held in Hyde Park on the 5th of August, for no other purpose than to insult and defy the Government, was placarded all over the metropolis as a "mass-meeting." The "indignation-meetings" held in the same place, and elsewhere, under the auspices of the vulgar demagogues of the League and the Trades-unions, have been numerous during the progress of the Reform Bill; and we shall doubtless have more of them under the same title whenever his majesty the Mob shall see fit to be displeased with the progress of public affairs. "Wire-pulling" is so useful a phrase, that we who know the thing, in all our little boroughs and parishes, will doubtless borrow it from the Americans, who know so much more of it. "Axe-grinding" and "log-rolling" are phrases derived from the rural life of the Americans, and are picturesquely expressive of the little jobs which "wire-pullers," who move the puppets of the Legislature, attempt, "for a consideration," to "lobby" through the House. To "lobby," says Mr. Bartlett, "is to attempt to exercise an influence over the members of a legislative body by besieging them in the lobbies of the houses where they meet. So necessary has this business become amongst us, that when a petition is

sent to a legislature, particularly for an act of incorporation, it is very common for one or more individuals to take it in charge for the purpose of *lobbying it through*." When a committee proceeds on an errand of this kind, it is usually well supplied with funds. If copious "drinks" of champagne or whisky will do the business, and purchase or influence the votes of the members to be "lobbied," no greater expense is incurred than a large hotel bill; but if the "lobbied" are poor men, as many of them are, having nothing perhaps to live upon but the salary — or, as the Americans call it, the compensation — of a member of the Legislature, which is four dollars a-day, or double that sum if he be a member of Congress, payment in cash is all but openly offered and accepted. "Log-rolling" differs from "axe-grinding." The latter merely signifies the axe or measure which an individual or a political party has to grind or carry through the Legislature; whereas *log-rolling* means a system of mutual help, in which one member says to another, "Vote for my bill and I'll vote for yours;" or, in other words, "Help me to roll my log, and I'll help you to roll yours." "For instance," says Mr. Bartlett, "a member from St. Lawrence has a pet bill for a plankroad which he wants pushed through. He accordingly makes a bargain with a member from Onondaga, who is coaxing along a charter for a bank, by which St. Lawrence agrees to vote for Onondaga's bank, provided Onondaga will vote in return for St. Lawrence's plankroad." If we may judge from some recent disclosures as regards the passing of railway and gas bills in the British Parliament, and from the late meeting in the Tea-room of the Commons, we have arrived already at "axe-grinding," "log-rolling," and "lobbying;" and will perhaps advance still farther in the same direction under the auspices of a reformed Parliament. The phrases are already familiar, and will as certainly take root in England as the practices they describe.

"Caucus" is another political word, which expresses a meaning for which there is no purely English equivalent, and which threatens to be adopted amongst us, along with the political intrigues in which the idea originated. The word appears — for an Americanism — to be venerably old; older, in fact, than the Republic. It dates from so early a period as 1763, where, in Adams's 'Diary,' mention is made of a "caucus club." Gordon, in his 'History of the American Revolution,' 1788, sends it still farther back into antiquity. He says, "This word is not

of novel invention. *More than fifty years ago* (i.e., 1738), Mr. Samuel Adams's father and twenty others, one or two from the north end of the town (Boston, Massachusetts), where all ship business is carried on, used to meet, make a *caucus*, and lay their plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power." The word is supposed to be derived from meetings held by ship *caulkers* on strike or with a grievance; and to have gradually assumed its present meaning of a private meeting of the leading politicians or members of a party, to agree upon a course of public action that shall bind the whole party. When Mr. Gadstone and Lord Derby summoned their followers to meet them in their private houses, to expound a course of action, and agree to a course of public policy, they summoned what in America is called a *Caucus*. Doubtless this word will creep into English parlance. We had almost omitted to include in this list the phrase "political capital," which is of purely American growth, though long since transplanted to England, and so common amongst us as to be familiar to everybody. As the phrase has been accepted, it is no longer of any use to carp at it, though we might just as correctly use the epithets "moral," "religious," or "intellectual," in this sense, and speak of a man's good conduct as his "moral capital." "On the fence" is another political phrase which deserves mention. "To be on the fence," or to "ride on the fence," is to be neutral, until you see which is going to be the stronger party, with the intention of voting for the winner. "The South will not vote for a Northern candidate who is nominated as such, nor the North for a Southern man, who is nominated on exclusively Southern principles. In this matter there can be no neutral ground. The dividing line is narrow, but distinct. It admits of no fence-riding. The candidate must be on one side or the other; and when time shall come that either the North or the South adopts a candidate on sectional grounds it will not be difficult to foretell the issue." — 'New York Mirror,' 1856.

Among pure Americanisms that have no relation to politics, there are three words which are knocking loudly at our gates for admission, and which are certain to be admitted sooner or later on their merits; and these are *bogus*, *skedaddle*, and *deadheads*. *Bogus* means sham, spurious, counterfeit, and, like the useful word "*burke*" amongst ourselves, originated in the name of an individual — a very patrician and noble Italian name, though it was sorely metamor-

phosed by the popular tongue. In the year 1837 there appeared in the Western and South-Western States a person calling himself *Borghese* — pronounced by the Americans *Borgus*, or *Bogus* — who drew large numbers of fictitious cheques, notes, and bills of exchange upon the principal bankers and traders, and succeeded in swindling the public out of large sums. His operations were so extensive, and the distrust caused in all commercial circles was so great when his forgeries were discovered, that it became a common phrase in the South-West, and from thence spread over the whole Union, to describe any doubtful commercial paper or forged note as *bogus*. The word took the fancy of the people, and was speedily applied to everything supposed to be unreal, spurious, or fraudulent. Thus a member of a legislature supposed to be unfairly elected was called a "bogus representative;" a woman with false teeth and hair, painted, or otherwise got up to look young when she was old, was called a "bogus beauty;" and a Mrs Cunningham, who, like Joanna Southcote, pretended to have had a child when such was not the fact, was declared to have been delivered of a "bogus baby." The word is used in a great variety of ways and with much greater effect than any of its recognised and legitimate synonymes, and such phrases, as "bogus diamonds," "bogus jewellery" and "bogus gentleman" (for an over dressed and affected swell) "bogus leg" (a cork leg), "bogus eye" (a glass eye, "a bogus accusation" (a trumped-up charge), are of constant occurrence. "*Skedaddle*," to run away, to desert, to make off furtively, was invented, no one knows how or by whom, in the army of the Potomac, in the days when General McClellan was vainly hurling his hosts against those of General Lee, in the summer of 1863. The word no sooner appeared in print than everybody who had occasion to write, make a speech, or interchange a thought with his fellows, hastened to re-echo it. Much controversy arose as to its origin — some deriving it from the Greek *skedannumi*, to disperse tumultuously; others from a Scottish word employed in Dumfriesshire and Ayrshire to describe the escape of water or milk from a pail, when too full and unskillfully carried; and others from the Gaelic *sgudalair* a mean fellow. Whatever may be its origin, there is something so descriptive in the word as to compel favour in spite of the grammarians, and it is to all appearance so firmly fixed in American English as to be proof against all attempts to remove it.

Deadhead means a person who has free admission to theatres, concerts, exhibitions, and places of amusement, or who, either from his connection with the press, or with the management of a railway or a line of steamers, can travel without payment of his fare. The word *Deadheadism* is also used to signify the practice of travelling with free tickets. Mr. Bartlett quotes from the 'Washington Evening Star' the following anecdote:

"The principal avenue of our city, writes a learned friend in Detroit, has a toll-gate just by the Elmwood Cemetery Road. As the cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank road, it was made one of the conditions of the company's charter that all funeral processions should go back and forth free. One day, as Dr. Price, a celebrated physician, stopped to pay his toll, he remarked to the gate keeper, 'Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let me pass free of charge.' 'No, no, doctor,' the keeper replied, 'We could not afford that. You send too many *deadheads* through here as it is.'

Among the common, and, to educated Englishmen, the offensive Americanisms which, clamour as they will for admission into the language, ought not to be allowed to pass the threshold of that stately house, are such words as *orate*, to make a speech or oration; *donate*, to make or give a donation; and *approve*, to approve. *Locate*, to place, a word of a similar origin and growth, was long resisted in England, but has forced its way into the dictionaries. It has not, however, been applied in such a variety of senses as in America, where it means not only to place, but to seat, as in the following quotation from Gilliam's 'Travels in Mexico': "The mate, having *located* himself opposite to me at the table, began to expostulate with me." Equally inadmissible are such words as *balance*, and *on hand*, except when they are used in a commercial sense, such as the *balance* of an account or a stock of goods *on hand*. The Americans write and talk of a part of anything as the *balance* — e.g., "We listened to Mr. Phillips for about half an hour, and, having an engagement elsewhere, we were forced to leave, and so lost the *balance* of his oration." "Most of the respectable inhabitants held commissions in the army, or government offices; the *balance* of the people kept little shops, or cultivated the ground." "The ferry boats forced their way through the ice, and kept up the communication for the *balance* of the day." "A great many people

assembled at the church; a part got in; the *balance* went away." "Mr. Johnson, in consequence of a great crime and an awful calamity, has to serve as President for the *balance* of Mr. Lincoln's term." "The Anti-Sabbath meeting, so long talked of, has taken place; about three hundred females were *on hand*." "A broker from Wall Street was *on hand* and tried to pray." "Be *on hand* early and vote the democratic ticket." To *post*, or *post up*, a person, is to bring his knowledge up to the newest fact and the latest date — a phrase derived from the operations of the counting-house. Our press is not usually well *posted* on European affairs." — 'New York Daily News.' "Mrs. Fudge has kept a close eye on equipages, caps, cloaks, and summer recreations. She is well *posted* up on these matters." — 'Ike Marvel, Fudge Doings.' Worse even than this slang is the use of passive and neuter verbs in the active sense, as "This steamboat can *sleep* (i.e., give sleeping accommodation to) three hundred passengers;" or, as a boarding-house keeper in New York said "I can *eat* fifty people in my house, but cannot *sleep* above half the number;" or the labourer in the West, dissatisfied with his wages, who said to his employer, "Why, squire, I was told you'd give us two dollars a day and *eat* us."

Among common Americanisms found in every newspaper, though not in the magazines that have any literary pretensions, are such phrases as "he was *acquit*," for "he was acquitted;" "he *quit* the room," for "he *quitted* the room;" "he *pled* guilty," and sometimes "he *plead* guilty," for "he pleaded guilty;" "he *wed* the garden," for "he weeded the garden;" "he happened along," for "he happened to come along;" "I was standing *around* the street," for "standing about the street;" "he was *illy* prepared for the work," for "ill prepared;" "a *thrifty* tree," for "a thriving tree;" "right away," for immediately;" "declension," for "refusal;" "he asked me to drive with him to-day, but I was obliged to send him a *declension*;" "he said he would go into the *timber* for shelter;" for "into the wood for shelter;" "a human," for "a human being," — as "I did not expect to meet a *human* in such a place" (Hammond's 'Wild Northern Scenes'), "Parson Brownlow is just as fierce upon dogs when they annoy him, as he is upon *humans* when they cross his

* This form is sometimes used in Scotland, but never by good writers, who remember that verbs derived from the French, Latin, or any foreign language, cannot take the Saxon or strong inflection.

path" ('Harper's Magazine'); "of that ilk," for "of that sort or kind;" "hurry up," for "make haste;" "dry up" or "shut up," for "be silent" or "hold your tongue;" "elegant" for "good or excellent,"—as "elegant butter," "elegant water," "elegant cabbage," &c.; "handsome," for "beautiful," as "the Falls of Niagara are very handsome;" "retiracy," for "seclusion, retirement, or a fortune sufficient to retire upon"—"Yes, Mr. Speaker, I'd a powerful sight sooner go into *retiracy* among the red wild aborigines of our wooden country, nor consent to this bill". (Carlton's 'New Purchase') "to loan," for "to lend;" "he availed of the offer," for "he availed himself of the offer;" "he avails," for "proceeds or profits"—"Expecting to subsist on the bounty of government rather than on the *avails* of their own industry" (Stoddard's 'Louisiana'); "a *pike*," for "a turnpike road;" "a *few*," for "a little"—"Were you alarmed? No; but I was astonished a *few*!" "item," for "information"—"the minute you get *item* that I'm back, set off for the cross roads" ('New York Spirit of the Times'); "he done it," for "he did it"—"the prisoner made no defence—she only said, I done it;" "quite," for "very" or "very large." This misapplication of a good word has lately become common in England—one eminent member of Parliament having declared that an event "had happened *quite* recently;" and another, that "*quite* a number of people assembled in Trafalgar Square." Such phrases as "quite warm," "quite cold," "quite extraordinary," are heard every day, and are sometimes inadvertently employed by writers of otherwise irreproachable English. *Quite* means completely, entirely, wholly; and if we use either of these synonyms in the phrases "quite recently," "quite a number," "quite cold, &c.," we shall very easily discover, not only how inelegant, but how unnecessary and incorrect it is to use *quite* for *very*. "*Quite* a number" should either be a large or a very large number; for, in point of accuracy, "ten" is as wholly or completely a number as ten thousand or ten million. A more disagreeable perversion of language even than this is to be found in the use sometimes made of the word *persuasion*. In the sense of religious belief, "persuasion" is correctly employed when a person is said to be of the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, the Baptist, the Jewish, or the Mormon "persuasion;" but when the 'New York Herald' states that "the passengers in the car were chiefly of the *female persuasion*," or the 'Daily Tele-

graph' says that "Mr. Harper, a speaker at a public meeting, complained of the absence of reporters, when a *gentleman of that persuasion* was actually taking notes of what he said," they make use of a word which is even more offensive than slang.

Two other Americanisms, which, although considered vulgar even in the land of their origin, are daily coming into more extended use, are "*cuss*" and "*critter*." *Cuss*, originally a mispronunciation of "curse" has gradually come to signify a low, vile, bad person of either sex. A miser or very parsimonious person is called a "mean cuss." "I had often heard tell of Yankees, but never knew what mean *cusses* they were until I met a few of them at Washington. — Letter in the 'New Orleans Picayune.' *Critter*, at first a mispronunciation of "creature" has been adopted as a separate word. It is invariably used in a contemptuous sense; while creature is applied respectfully. General Squash, of Connecticut, describes, in 'The Gouty Philosopher,' the shades of difference between the two words, and makes out a very good case for "*critter*."

"The word 'creature,'" said the General, "implies a certain amount of goodness, beauty, respect, and love, as when we talk of any of God's *creatures*; whereas *critter* is always associated with some idea of inferiority in the person so designated, and of good or even ill natured contempt on the part of the speaker. Thus, when I tell you that Miss or Mrs. A—is a creature, you will learn, if you do not interrupt me before I have finished speaking, that I consider her lovely either in her mind or person, or both. But were I to call her a '*critter*,' and no more, you would be justified in believing that, in my opinion, she was either a slut, a scold, a scandal-monger, a fool, a tippler, or a flirt, and that I had no respect for her. If I said to you in the street, 'Look at that lovely creature!' it would probably be to direct your attention either to a fine woman or a beautiful child. But if I said, 'Look at that pretty *critter*!' the words might apply to a pet poodle, or a prancing horse. If I say that Mr. B's grandmother is a good old *creature*, I mean that she is and has been good in the highest sense of the word, and that she is still in possession of those faculties of heart and mind which inspire respect and affection; but if I say that she is a good old *critter*, I imply some deficiency of character or intellect which may have pertained to her all her life, or be the result of old age and infirmity. So, when I call a man a *critter*, you may be sure that I think him a cheat, a fool, or a mean fellow; a man that I could not fight with if he challenged me, but whom I could treat, in case of need, to a taste of a cowhide. Ours is a great country, sir, a very great country, but

it swarms with *critters*, as you will see, if you travel much amongst us, and open your eyes as you go. They are the unwholesome growth of our overripe civilization, and of our too much liberty."

A similar mispronunciation of the word "burst" has produced the common Americanism "to bust" or "bust up," to become bankrupt. "I *busted* for the benefit of my creditors." "He is a rich man now, because he has *bust* up two or three times."

"Lengthy," meaning tediously long, is generally considered to be an Americanism. The question of the origin of the word has never been satisfactorily decided. Though as little to be commended as *strengthly* would be in the sense of strong, this daring interloper has made good its place in the language. A lengthy discourse, or sermon, and a lengthy article, are phrases that would be ill rendered by the word "long." Expressive of a new meaning, the word must be accepted, whether or not the grammarians and the lexicographers approve; and "lengthy," whether of American or English origin, will probably remain English while the language lasts.

The Americans have three words descriptive of three several kinds of oratory that prevail among them; "*stump-oratory*," "*high-faluten*," and "*spread-eagleism*." "*Stump-oratory*" takes its name from the stumps of trees that are generally left in newly cleared and settled land, and on which, as affording a moderate elevation to the speaker, he can take his stand and overlook the crowd whom he wishes to address. To "*stump*" a State is to make an electioneering or political tour through it; or to "*stump* it" simply means to make electioneering speeches in favour of one's self. *Stump-oratory* is by no means unknown in the British Isles, and the phrase might perhaps be adopted, in default of a better, to describe the kind of speech which tickles the fancy or pleases the judgment of a miscellaneous crowd, but which the orator, if he be a member of Parliament, would take especial care not to deliver in that or any other assembly of men of cultivated minds. The late Daniel O'Connell, Daniel Whittle Harvey, and Thomas Wakley the coroner, were excellent specimens of the "*stump-orator*;" while in our day Mr. John Bright may lay claim to a similar distinction, if it be one, though it must be admitted that Mr. Bright is a true orator, and speaks to the refined as effectively as to the roughs. "We had, of course, a passion for *stump* speaking. But recollect, we often mount the *stump* only

figuratively; and very good stump speeches are delivered from a table, a chair, a whisky-barrel, and the like. Sometimes we make our best stump speeches on horseback." — Carlton's 'New Purchase.' "When you see a politician extra full of patriotism, and stuffed with *stump speeches*, you may take it for granted he wants office, either for himself or some particular friend." — Dow's 'Sermons.'

"*High-faluten*" describes a kind of oratory that is not always to the taste of the plain-spoken multitudes who delight in the oratory of the stump, and is commonly addressed to educated or semi-educated audiences, either legislative or general, who are supposed to appreciate bombast, exaggeration, high-sounding phrases, and big words, with or without a meaning. Mr. Bartlett says there can be little doubt of its derivation from "high-fighting;" while others suggest "high-floating," and "high-verlooten," from the Dutch — without explaining what verlooten means. A recent specimen of the true "*high-faluten*" may be found in a lecture on the Puritans delivered in Boston, Massachusetts before a large and fashionable assembly in Faneuil Hall, by an eminent public functionary. "A charge," said the lecturer, "has been brought against the Puritans, of disloyalty. I deny that charge. It is false. It shall not be made in my hearing while I have a tongue to hurl back the foul slander and cram it down the utterer's throat. Ay, were that charge to be made at the great day of judgment, in the face of the assembled multitudes of the human race, amid the blaze of firmaments and the crash of stars and planets, suns and systems; and were the person who made the accusation to be no other than the Archangel Michael himself, — I would appeal against the judgment of the great Archangel, and assert, though eternal perdition were to be the punishment for my daring, that the Puritans were *not* disloyal."

"*Spread-eagleism*" is a variety of *high-faluten*, with this difference, that the *high-faluten* orator speaks on any subject he pleases — political, religious, or literary — while the *spread-eagle* orator must of necessity take for his subject the greatness, power, and glory of the United States. The 'North American Review' for October 1858, defines *spread-eagleism* to be "a compound of exaggeration, effrontery, bombast, and extravagance, mixed metaphors, platitudes, defiant threats thrown at the world, and irreverent appeals flung at the Supreme Being." The course of education

through which English gentlemen invariably pass prevents them in public life from making such displays of bad taste as are involved in the commonest proficiency either in "high-faluten" or in "spread-ealism."

"Boss" is a word that has become part of the language in the Northern and Western States, though not adopted in the South. The Proud Yankee calls no man "master," which is a word, that, when slavery existed, he thought none but a slave should employ. As the relation between employer and employed required a word, that of "boss," instead of master, was either coined or discovered. Mr. Bartlett says the word is derived from the Dutch "baas," a master. *Bas* in Danish has the same meaning; and M. Francisque Michel, in his 'Dictionnaire d'Argot,' has "*Beausse, un riche bourgeois; terme des voleurs flamands.*" A master carpenter, shoemaker, or barber is a "boss carpenter," a "boss shoemaker," a "boss barber," &c. To "boss" a job is to contract and superintend it; and to "boss" the house, whether in the case of the husband or the wife, is to rule and manage it. "The Pope has returned to Rome; but he has no money, and Rothschild refuses to let him have any. The fact is, Rothschild is the real Pope and Boss of all Europe." — 'New York Herald.'

"Smile" is a common euphemism to avoid the use of "a drink," or a "drain," when taken in the morning, as is but too usual. It is also used as a verb. "There are many fast boys about, some devoted to the fair sex, some to horses, some to *smiling*." — 'Baltimore Sun.' A lady named Christie having sent a present of some fine old rye whisky to an English traveller, the recipient of the gift, unconscious of the pun, said to his travelling-companion, an American, "This cannot be called *lacrymæ Christi*, suppose we call it the *smiles* of Christie." "Good!" said the American, "I see you are learning our language."

But it is not only in isolated words, but in phrases, that the Americans are making daily inroads upon the speech of their English forefathers, imitating our own example in this respect; for slang unfortunately grows somewhat too luxuriantly at the present day in both hemispheres. The Americans, however, are more independent than the English in the manufacture of slang, and generally prefer the home-made to the imported article. To go through the list of such expressions as are common in American books, newspapers, and colloquial inter-

course, would occupy far more space than we can command. We can but select a few, that, either by their oddity or their humour, are most remarkable to Europeans. Where an Englishman in a fit of ill temper would threaten to give his opponent a thrashing, an American threatens to "give him Jessie," or "particular Jessie," or "d—d particular Jessie," according to the greater or lesser violence of his feelings. Sometimes the phrase is varied into "to give him fits," or "very particular fits," or "d—d particular fits." But the *ne plus ultra* of rage is expressed in the threat to make your enemy "smell hell." Another favourite phrase is "to be death" on anything; meaning, says Mr. Bartlett, "to be completely master of it—a capital hand at it; like the quack doctor who could not manage the whooping-cough, but was, as he expressed, *death on fits*." To be *death* on anything, also means to be very fond of it, as, "Your friend Silas is *death* on sherry-cobblers and ginslings;" "Sally was *death* on lace; and old Aunt Thankful goes the whole figure for furs." — Sam Slick. "To dress to *death*" signifies to dress with too much finery and display; while to "dress up drunk," and "dress to kill," are attenuated varieties of the same meaning.

"*At that*" is a very common addendum to any assertion that can be made, and is used to intensify or define more accurately something that has just been said, thus: "He has a scolding wife, and an ugly one *at that*." "Now, then, gentlemen, drinks all round; and cobblers *at that*." "He made a mistake, and a big one *at that*."

"He's a down-east Yankee, and a smart one *at that*."

"*Big bugs*," "*some pumpkins*," and "*small potatoes*," are phrases that imply the social importance, or want of importance or position, of the persons to whom they are applied. "Bug" in America means a beetle, winged or otherwise, and not, as with us, the most disgusting of insects. The fire-fly is called "the lightning-bug," and a "big bug" means a large beetle, or, metaphorically, a person of wealth or station. "I Street in Washington [in that city, resort is had to the letters of the alphabet in default of imagination or invention for street nomenclature] is inhabited by the foreign ambassadors and other *big bugs*." "Miss Samson Savage is one of the *big bugs*—that is, she's got more money than almost anybody else in town." — 'Bedott Papers.' "Then we'll go to the Lords' House; I don't mean to the meeting-house, but where the nobles meet, pick out the *big bugs*, and

see what stuff they're made of" — 'Sam Slick in England.' "Some pumpkins" is a phrase of similar meaning. "Franklin was a poor printer-boy, and Washington a land-surveyor, yet they grew to be *some pumpkins*." — 'Sam Slick.' "General Cass is *some pumpkins*, and will do the needful if elected." — 'New York Herald.' "A Mexican woman is *some pumpkins*, as the Missourians say when they wish to express something superlative in the female line." — Ruxton's 'Adventures in Mexico.' "Small potatoes" means the reverse of "big bugs" and "some pumpkins," and signifies petty, mean, contemptible. "Give me an honest old soldier for the Presidency — whether a Whig or Democrat — and I will leave your *small potato* politicians and pettifogging lawyers to those who are willing to submit the destinies of this great nation to such hands." — 'New York Herald.' "The Presbyterian minister here is such *small potatoes* that it wasn't edifying to sit under his preaching." — 'Bedott Papers.' "All our American poets are but *small potatoes* compared with Bryant." — 'New York Tribune.'

"To be a *caution*," to be a warning, is a phrase very ludicrously applied, and intensely American. "To see the women eat at breakfast at the hotels and boarding-houses is a *caution*." — 'Letters from New York.' "The way she screeched and hollered when she attempted to sing, was a *caution* to *rusty gates*." — 'Carleton.' "The way the Repealers were used up was a *caution* to the trinity of O'Connell, Repeal, and Anti-slavery, when they attempt to interfere with true American citizens." — 'New York Herald.' There's a plaguey sight of folks in America, major, and the way they swallow down the cheap books is a *caution* to old rags and papermakers." — Downing, 'May-Day in New York.' "Moses wound up his description of the piano by saying that the way the dear critters could pull music out of it was a *caution* to hoarse owls." — Thorpe's 'Mysteries of the Backwoods.' "A large portion of Captain Marryatt's 'Travels of Mons. Violet' is stolen from the 'New Orleans Picayune,' and it will not be surprising if Kendal (the author) lets his sting into this transatlantic robber. He can do it in a way that will be a *caution*." — 'Providence Journal.' "Our route was along the shore of the lake in a northerly direction, and the way the icy blast would come down the bleak shore was a *caution*." — Hofman, 'Winter in the West.'

"Sound on the goose" formerly signified, among the democratic and proslavery party, to be sound on the negro question, — to be

opposed to the abolition of slavery. Now that slavery is dead and buried, the phrase means to be stanch to the party-question, whatever it may happen to be.

"To row up Salt River" signifies to incur a political defeat; to row a long way up Salt River is to be very severely defeated; and to row up to the very head-waters of Salt River is to be entirely ruined as a political party. "Judge Clayton made a speech that fairly made the tumblers hop. He rowed the Tories (the royalists) up and over Salt River." — Crockett's 'Tour Down East.'

During the late civil war, "to spell *nigger* with two g's" was a phrase applied to a member of the Democratic party, or any other politician, who did not believe in the natural equality of the white and black races, and who was opposed to the grant of any social status or political privilege to a negro. The word is still used, and no one who spells *nigger* with two g's, if nominated to office by President Johnson, has any chance of having his nomination approved by the Republican majority and the Senate.

The American vocabulary is peculiarly rich in words descriptive of what are called the "roughs." In England, the "rough" is scarcely known except in London, and in the small boroughs at election times, where he is sometimes called a "lamb;" but in America persons of this turbulent class form a large percentage of the youth of the labouring and commercial population. They drink, they swear, they fight; but they do not steal, and are for the most part affiliated to one or other of the two contending political parties. Mr. Bartlett gives a formidable list of the names by which these troublesome citizens choose to call themselves. In New York they are known as "Dead Rabbits," "Bowery Boys," "Forty Thieves," "Skinners," "The Robin Hood Club," "The Huge Paws," "Short Boys," "Swill Boys," "Shoulder-Hitters," and "Killers." In Philadelphia, they are called "Schuylkill Annihilators," "Moyamensing Hounds," "Northern Liberty Skivers," "Killers," and "Peep-of-Day-Boys;" and in Baltimore, "Plug-Uglies," "Rough Skins," "Double Pumps," "Tigers," "Black Snakes," "Stay-Lates," "Hard-Times," "Little Fellows," "Blood Tubs," "Dips," "Ranters," "Rip-raps," and "Gladiators."

A convention of these persons, under the name of the "American Clubs," was held at Baltimore in September, 1857, under the plea of rallying for some political campaign. In commenting on this meeting, the 'Balti-

more Clipper' pertinently inquired "Should not every true-hearted American blush to acknowledge that any portion of his countrymen glory in such barbaric and degrading names?" It is not likely, the Reform Bill notwithstanding, that the English people will borrow any of these names from their American cousins — though it should be noted that the word "rowdy" has lately crossed the Atlantic, and promises to retain its place in English parlance.

"To run the machine" is a phrase derived from the rowdy life of the great cities, where the young men of this class delight, as some of our very upper-class people are unfortunately learning to do in England, to officiate as firemen, and drag the engines, the hose, the ladders, and other paraphernalia through the streets. To run the machine now signifies, in political parlance, to run the machine of Government. "Now, look you," said the late President Lincoln to a visitor, who presumed to give him a little too much advice as to what he should and should not do in the conduct of the Civil War, "if I have to run this machine, I shall run it in my own way, and be accountable to God, my conscience, and the people, but not to you." To "run" a bank or a business is to conduct a bank or a business; while to "run one's face" is a peculiar phrase for getting credit on the faith of one's honest looks or respectable appearance. "Any man," says the 'New York Tribune,' "who can run his face for a card of pens, a quire of paper, and a pair of scissors, may set up for an editor, and by loud incessant bragging may secure a considerable patronage."

The word "go," and the phrase "to go it," are used multifariously enough in English slang; but the Americans, if they have not improved upon British teaching, have certainly increased the misapplications to which the word is liable. The verb "go ahead," together with the adjective "go-aheaditive," and the noun "go-aheaditiveness," are well-known Americanisms familiar to everybody. "Go to grass" signifies get out, be off, go away; to "go it blind," to act without thought; "to go it with a rush," to act in a headlong manner; "to go the big figure," to do things on a large scale. "Some of our senators go the big figure on fried oysters and whisky-punch." — Burton's 'Wag-geries.' "To go the whole hog," or "to go the entire animal," is no longer a strange figure of speech in England. The Americans claim its parentage, and no Englishman of any taste is likely to dispute it with them. "To go through the mill," signifies to learn experience from adversity. "A

gone coon," "a gone goose," "gone gander," are three phrases signifying a ruined man. "I've generally noticed that if a man begins to gape at church when the preacher comes to seventhly or eighthly, it is a *gone goose* with him before he comes to tenthly. — Seba Smith, 'Yankee Life.' "Goner" or "gonner," from gone, has the same meaning as "gone coon." To say of a man that "he's a gonner," signifies that he is sick, past recovery, or that he is ruined. "A gonner" also means a bad debt, lost without hope of payment. "Done gone" expresses the last stage of discomfiture, personal or national. "The surrender of General Lee settles the business. The Confederacy is *done gone*, and Jeff Davis may go to Mexico as soon as he likes." — 'New York Herald.'

"Backbone" and "weak knees" are two phrases continually used in political discussion, and in criticism upon the characters of public men. Backbone, according to Mr. Bartlett, signifies moral stamina, strength of will, firmness of purpose. "Men do not know how to resist the small temptations of life from some deficiency in their dorsal arrangements. Backbone is the material which makes an upright man; and he must be firm on all points if he would pass scatheless through the struggle of life." — 'The Republic,' 1857. General McClellan cannot end the war. He has no backbone." — Wendell Phillips. "If Mr. Lincoln had backbone enough, — but he hasn't, — he would not tamper or treat with slavery, but abolish it at one stroke — at once and for ever. — Anna Dickinson. "Weak kneed" has a meaning directly opposite to that of backbone, and is applied to persons who are infirm of purpose, or unsettled in their political or religious convictions. "We do not join in the complaints made against Ben Butler. The ladies of New Orleans probably deserved all he said of them; but whether they did or did not, it is the duty of the Government to stand by him. He is setting a good example to the *weak kneed* brethren, which will do them good." — 'New York Times.'

A favourite expression of the Americans to denote place, thing, or person, that is small or of little account, is "one horse." In the West, says Mr. Bartlett, by an obvious agricultural figure, this term is applied to anything small or diminutive, as "a one-horse bank — a one-horse church," meaning a little bank or church. So the phrase "a one-horse lawyer" is applied to a mean, contemptible pettifogger. A clergyman deprecating the use of such expressions as

"dang it," "confound it," called them "one-horse oaths." "Liverpool," said a newly-arrived New-Yorker, "is a poor *one-horse* kind of a place." In contradistinction to one-horse, some wag of the West invented the phrase "a whole team," to signify a man of wealth or importance, or a good fellow generally. "I like the Judge; he's none of your one-horse lawyers, but a *whole team*." The phrase took the popular fancy, and received successive additions from the rough humourists of the day — such as "he's a whole team, and a horse to spare;" or the *ne plus ultra* of commendation, "Grant's the man for next President; he's a whole team, a horse extra, and a big dog under the wagon!" — Letter in 'New York Herald.' Another common Americanism, derived from rural life, though not so racy as the foregoing, is, to "hitch horses," or more tersely "to hitch," to agree or consort with a person. "After he poked his fist in my face at the election, we never *hitched* horses together." — McClinton's Tales. "I have been teaming (driving a wagon) for old Pendleton, but I guess we shan't *hitch* long." — Mrs. Clavers' 'Forest Life.' Among agricultural phrases that are useful and not vulgar, and commonly heard in America, are, "to draw a straight furrow," to walk in the paths of rectitude, to live uprightly.

"Governor B is a sensible man,
He stays to his home, and looks arter his
folks;
He draws his furrow as straight as he can."
— 'Biglow Papers.'

And "a hard row to hoe," a difficult matter to accomplish; "I never opposed Andrew Jackson for the sake of popularity; I knew it was a *hard row to hoe*." — Crockett.

Among the variations of old English phrases current in America, may be mentioned, "there are no two ways about it," for "there's no mistake about it;" "he rings his own bell," for "he blows his own trumpet;" "the longest pole knocks down the persimmons (nuts), for "the early bird gathers the worm;" "every man skin his own skunk," for "wash your dirty linen at home;" "acknowledge the corn," for "admit the soft impeachment;" "to bark up the wrong tree," and "wake up the wrong passenger," for "to be in the wrong box."

But we need cite no more; the subject is large, and would require a dictionary to exhaust it. We have quoted enough to show that there are action and re-action between the English literatures of the two

sides of the Atlantic, and to put English writers who desire to preserve the purity of the language on their guard against the fascinating vulgarisms which have too much charm for the "fast" people of this age — quite as fast in England as they are in America, though the Americans, to use their own hideous phrase, may think themselves far more go-aheadative than we are. It must not be understood, however, from any remarks that we may have made, that we desire to restrict the legitimate expansion of modern English, whether the expansion come from the new or the old home of the race. A language that has ceased to grow has already begun to perish. But while allowing and even encouraging its growth, those who employ that rich and abundant vehicle of spoken and written thought should take especial care not to corrupt and vulgarise it, and should avoid words that are neither consistent with its genius nor its structure. The English at home do more than enough of mischief in this respect — an additional reason, if one were wanted, why we should not suffer the American English to aid in the evil process. If we require new words, we have an immense mine of treasure in the English of the days of Piers Ploughman, from which we can advantageously borrow

"Ancient words
That come from the poetic quarry
As sharp as swords,"

as William Hamilton well expresses it, in an epistle to Allan Ramsay. Into this treasure, the Americans are dipping more deeply than we; and so far the influence of their example upon the mother-tongue must be recognised as both legitimate and beneficial.

The belief entertained by some naturalists, that living specimens of the gigantic *Epiornis* exist in Madagascar, has been disproved, according to M Granddidier, who has lately communicated a paper on the subject to the Academy of Sciences. Although several of the enormous eggs of this bird with fragments of its bones have been found, showing that it was much more common than was generally supposed, no evidence during recent extensive explorations in Madagascar has been gathered to at all admit of a hope that the bird will be ever found alive on the island.

Living Age Office, October, 1867.

TURKISH BATHS.

SOME months ago, coming through New York, I enjoyed the luxury of one of these baths, which I have coveted for half a century. When they were introduced into London I looked for them on this side; and they have appeared, and at last in Boston.

After several experiences at the establishment of Dr. Adams & Co., Essex Street, I desire to offer to the public an unasked testimony to their good management.

You go into a dressing-room, and come out with a clean cloth round you. Going into a room heated to 110°, a clean sheet is spread for you over a comfortable lounge. Here you recline 15 minutes; and, when the perspiration has started, you are led into a room of higher temperature, where you remain about the same time. The next room, much cooler, is furnished with a white marble slab, on which you stretch yourself without clothing; and the shampooer (imported for the purpose) rubs your limbs and body with his hands, using considerable, but not painful pressure. This is continued a considerable time; and it is a very pleasant change when he begins with a handful of hemp, or something like it, and plenty of soap, to give you a general and most thorough polishing. Lifted into a sitting posture, the shampooer asks if you will have your head soaped. I always say yes. Then you shut your eyes and enjoy it; after which he leads you to another part of the room, where he directs jets of water, warm at first, and gradually cooler, upon every part of the body and limbs. This water comes through a large "rose," pierced by many holes, so small that the streams are very thin; but they come with sufficient force to create a tingling sensation, which draws the blood to the surface, as indeed all the operations do. A large plunging-bath is ready for you, if you desire it.

Then the operator takes several clean towels, with which you are well rubbed and dried; and then, with a sheet about you, you walk up the carpeted stairs, into the cooling apartment, where a clean blanket is spread on a lounge, having a horsehair pillow at the head. You recline, and the blanket is folded round you, and you are offered a cup of coffee or a sugar; and, in 15 or 20 minutes, you find yourself dry, and go to your dressing-room. As you leave it, a hair-dresser seats you comfortably, and gives your hair and beard some finishing touches.

The time is about an hour and a quarter.

Perfect cleanliness reigns throughout* and the ventilation is such that the air seems to be entirely free.

Since my last visit, I see that there is another establishment of this kind in Boston, and that it advertises itself as better than Dr. Adams's. So much the better if so, and, at all events, the competition is in the interest of the public. And there are people enough in Boston to fill all the establishments!

Dr. Adams & Co. have baths for ladies in Washington Street, at the South end.

In Laight Street, New York, and on Brooklyn Heights, are similar establishments.

The introduction of these Turkish baths into Boston is worthy of record. E. L.

A volume of *Critical and Social Essays* * reprinted from the New York Nation would do credit to some of the best of our own journals and magazines. They are lively without flippancy, quiet and moderate in tone, and deal with some of the peculiarities and absurdities of Yankee taste and habits in the best possible spirit; neither defending them nor speaking of them with unworthy self-abasement, but generally endeavouring to trace them to their origin in the social and economical condition of the people. The fondness of Americans for traveling, their alleged habits of extravagance, their distaste for horsemanship and preference for driving, their eccentricities of pronunciation, their partiality for black broadcloth, are one and all treated in a manner suitable to the subject, not making too much of trivial things, but finding in them reasonable traces of some deeper national characteristic. Much of the difference between American and English society is ascribed to the fact that in the former there are very few hereditary fortunes, and consequently few men are brought up in the habits, wholesome or the reverse, which presuppose wealth; while fortunes are so much more easily made than here that many self-made men become rich before middle life, and consequently while their taste for enjoyment is more vivid and their power of actively gratifying it greater than with Englishmen in similar circumstances, who rarely achieve riches before they reach the confines of age. One reason given for the absence of hereditary fortunes is, we think, new—namely, the great difficulty of finding secure permanent investments which till the creation of the debt, arose from the fluctuation in value of nearly all property, owing to the migratory habits of the people extending even to trade and manufactures. — *Saturday Review*.

* *Critical and Social Essays*. Reprinted from the New York Nation. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. London: Triibner & Co. 1867.

LINDA TRESSEL.

THE PERSONS OF THE STORY.

HERR MOLK, — *A Magistrate at Nuremberg.*
PETER STEINMARC, — *Town-Clerk to the City Magistrates.*
MADAME STAUBACH, — *A Widow living in the Red House.*
LINDA TRESSEL, — *Her Niece.*
LUDOVIC VALCARM, — *A Young Man of Nuremberg, cousin to Steinmarc.*
JACOB HEISSE, — *An Upholsterer at Nuremberg.*
FANNY HEISSE, — *His Daughter — afterwards married to Max Bogen.*
TETCHEN, — *Servant to Madame Staubach.*
STOBE, — *A Brewer's Hacker.*
MAX BOGEN, — *A Young Lawyer of Augsburg.*

CHAPTER I.

THE troubles and sorrows of Linda Tressel, who is the heroine of the little story now about to be told, arose from the too rigid virtue of her nearest and most loving friend, — as troubles will sometimes come from rigid virtue, when rigid virtue is not accompanied by sound sense, and especially when it knows little or nothing of the softness of mercy.

The nearest and dearest friend of Linda Tressel was her aunt, the widow Staubach, — Madame Charlotte Staubach, as she had come to be called in the little town of Nuremberg where she lived. In Nuremberg, all houses are picturesque; but you shall go through the entire city, and find no more picturesque abode than the small red house with the three gables close down by the river-side in the Schütt Island, — the little island made by the River Pegnitz in the middle of the town. They who have seen the widow Staubach's house will have remembered it, not only because of its bright colour and its sharp gables, but also because of the garden which runs between the house and the water's edge. And yet the garden was no bigger than may often nowadays be seen in the balconies of the mansions of Paris and of London. Here Linda Tressel lived with her aunt, and here also Linda had been born.

Linda was the orphan of Herr Tressel, who had for many years been what we may call town-clerk to the magistrates of Nuremberg. Chance in middle life had taken him to Cologne, — a German city indeed, as was his own, but a city so far away from Nuremberg, that its people and its manners were as strange to him as though he had gone beyond the reach of his own mother-tongue. But here he had married, and from Cologne had brought home his bride to the picturesque, red, gabled house by the water's side in his own city. His wife's only sister had also married in her own town; and that sister was the virtuous but rigid Aunt Charlotte, to live with whom had been the fate in life of Linda Tressel.

It need not be more than told in the fewest words that the town-clerk and the town-clerk's wife both died when Linda was but an infant, and that the husband of her aunt Charlotte died also. In Nuremberg there is no possession so much coveted and so dearly loved as that of the house in which the family lives. Herr Tressel had owned the house with the three gables, and so had his father before him, and to the father it had come from an uncle whose name had been different, — and to him from some other relative. But it was an old family property, and, like other houses in Nuremberg, was to be kept in the hands of the family while the family might

remain, unless some terrible ruin should supervene.

When Linda was but six years old, her aunt, the widow, came to Nuremberg to inhabit the house which the Tressels had left as an only legacy to their daughter; but it was understood when she did so that a right of living in the house for the remainder of her days was to belong to Madame Staubach, because of the surrender she thus made of whatever of a home was then left to her in Cologne. There was probably no deed executed to this effect; nor would it have been thought that any deed was necessary. Should Linda Tressel, when years had rolled on, be taken as a wife, and should the husband live in the red house, there would still be room for Linda's aunt. And by no husband in Nuremberg who should be told that such an arrangement had been anticipated would such an arrangement be opposed. Mothers-in-law, aunts, maiden sisters, and dependent female relatives, in all degrees, are endured with greater patience, and treated with a gentler hand, in patient Bavaria than in some lands farther west, where life is faster, and in which men's shoulders are more easily galled by slight burdens. And as poor little Linda Tressel had no other possession but the house, as all other income, slight as it might be, was to be brought with her by Aunt Charlotte, Aunt Charlotte had at least a right to the free use of the roof over her head. It is necessary that so much should be told; but Linda's troubles did not come from the divided right which she had in her father's house. Linda's troubles, as has before been said, sprang, not from her aunt's covetousness, but from her aunt's virtue, — perhaps we might more truly say from her aunt's religion.

Nuremberg is one of those German cities in which a stranger finds it difficult to understand the religious idiosyncrasies of the people. It is in Bavaria; and Bavaria, as he knows, is Roman Catholic. But Nuremberg is Protestant; and the stranger, when he visits the two cathedrals, — those of St. Sebald and St. Lawrence, — finds it hard to believe that they should not be made to resound with masses, so like are they in all respects to other Romanist cathedrals which he has seen. But he is told that they are Lutheran and Protestant, and he is obliged to make himself aware that the prevailing religion of Nuremberg is Lutheran, in spite of what to him are the Catholic appearances of the churches. Now the widow Staubach was among Protestants the most Protestant,

going far beyond the ordinary amenities of Lutheran teaching, as at present taught, in her religious observances, her religious loves, and her religious antipathies. The ordinary Lutheran of the German cities does not wear his religion very conspicuously. It is not a trouble to him in his daily life, causing him to live in terror as to the life to come. That it is a comfort to him let us not doubt. But it has not on him generally that outward, ever palpable, unmistakable effect, making its own of his gait, his countenance, his garb, his voice, his words, his eyes, his thoughts, his clothes, his very sneeze, his cough, his sighs, his groans, which is the result of Calvinistic impressions thoroughly brought home to the mind and lovingly entertained in the heart. Madame Staubach was in truth a German Anabaptist; but it will be enough for us to say that her manners and gait were the manners and gait of a Calvinist.

While Linda Tressel was a child, she hardly knew that her aunt was peculiar in her religious ideas. That mode of life which comes to a child comes naturally; and Linda, though she was probably not allowed to play as freely as did the other bairns around her, though she was taken more frequently to the house of worship which her aunt frequented, and tarried more strictly in the reading of godly books, did not know, till she was a child no longer, that she was subjected to harder usage than others endured. But, when Linda was eleven, the widow was persuaded by a friend that it was her duty to send her niece to school; and when Linda, at sixteen, ceased to be a school girl, she had learned to think that the religion of her aunt's neighbours was a more comfortable religion than that practised by her aunt; and, when she was eighteen, she had further learned to think that the life of certain neighbour girls was a pleasanter life than her own. When she was twenty, she had studied the subject more deeply, and had told herself, that though her spirit was prone to rebel against her aunt, that though she would fain have been allowed to do as did other girls of twenty, yet she knew her aunt to be a good woman, and knew that it behooved her to obey. Had not her aunt come all the way from Cologne, from the distant city of Rhenish Prussia, to live in Nuremberg for her sake, and should she be unfaithful and rebellious? Now Madame Staubach understood and appreciated the proneness to rebellion in her niece's heart, but did not quite understand, and perhaps could not

appreciate, (the attempt to put down that rebellion which the niece was ever making from day to day.

I have said that the widow Staubach had brought with her to Nuremberg some income upon which to live in the red house with the three gables. Some small means of her own she possessed, some few hundred florins a year, which were remitted to her punctually from Cologne; but this would not have sufficed even for the moderate wants of herself, her niece, and of the old maid Tetchen, who lived with them, and who had lived with Linda's mother. But there was a source of income very ready to the widow's hand, and of which it was a matter of course that she should in her circumstances avail herself. She and her niece could not fill the family home, and a portion of it was let to a lodger. This lodger was Herr Steinmarc, — Peter Steinmarc, who had been clerk to Linda's father when Linda's father had been clerk to the city magistrates, and who was now clerk to the city magistrates himself. Peter Steinmarc in the old days had inhabited a garret in the house, and had taken his meals at his master's table; but now the first floor of the house was his own, the big airy pleasant chamber looking out from under one gable on to the clear water, and the broad passage under the middle gable, and the square large bedroom — the room in which Linda had been born — under the third gable. The windows from these apartments all looked out on to the slow-flowing but clear stream, which ran so close below them, that the town-clerk might have sat and fished from his windows, had he been so minded; for there was no road there — only the narrow slip of a garden no broader than a balcony. And opposite, beyond the river where the road ran, there was a broad place, — the Ruden Platz; and every house surrounding this was picturesque with different colours, and with many gables; and the points of the houses rose up in sharp pyramids, of which every brick and every tile was in its place, sharp, clear, well formed, and appropriate, in those very inches of space which each was called upon to fill. For in Nuremberg it is the religion of the community that no house shall fall into decay, that no form of city beauty shall be allowed to vanish, that nothing of picturesque antiquity shall be changed. From age to age, though stones and bricks are changed, the buildings are the same, and the mediæval forms remain, delighting the taste of the traveller as they do the pride of the burgher. Thus it was that Herr Stein-

marc, the clerk of the magistrates in Nuremberg, had for his use as pleasant an abode as the city could furnish him.

Now it came to pass that during the many years of their residence beneath the same roof, there grew up a strong feeling of friendship between Peter Steinmarc and the widow Staubach, so strong, that in most worldly matters the widow would be content to follow her friend Peter's counsels without hesitation. And this was the case, although Peter by no means lived in accordance with the widow's tenets as to matters of religion. It is not to be understood that Peter was a godless man, — not so especially, or that he lived a life in any way scandalous, or open to special animadversion from the converted; but he was a man of the world, very fond of money, very fond of business, doing no more in the matter of worship than is done ordinarily by men of the world, — one who would not scruple to earn a few gulden on the Sunday if such earning came in his way, who liked his beer and his pipe, and, above all things, liked the fees and perquisites of office on which he lived and made his little wealth. But, though thus worldly, he was esteemed much by Madame Staübach, who rarely, on his behalf, put forth that voice of warning which was so frequently heard by her niece.

But there are women of the class to which Madame Staubach belonged who think that the acerbities of religion are intended altogether for their own sex. That men ought to be grateful to them who will deny? Such women seem to think that Heaven will pardon that hardness of heart which it has created in man, and which the affairs of the world seem almost to require; but that it will extend no such forgiveness to the feminine creation. It may be necessary that a man should be stiff-necked, self-willed, eager on the world, perhaps even covetous, and given to worldly lusts. But for a woman, it behooves her to crush herself, so that she may be at all points submissive, self-denying, and much-suffering. She should be used to thorns in the flesh, and to thorns in the spirit too. Whatever may be the thing she wants, that thing she should not have. And if it be so that, in her feminine weakness, she be not able to deny herself, there should be those around her to do the denial for her. Let her crush herself as it becomes a poor female to do, or let there be some other female to crush her if she lack the strength, the purity, and the religious fervour which such self-crushing requires. Poor Linda Tressel had not much

taste for crushing herself; but Providence had supplied her with one who had always been willing to do that work for her. And yet the aunt had ever dearly loved her niece, and dearly loved her now in these days of our story. If your eye offend you, shall you not pluck it out? After a sort, Madame Staubach was plucking out her own eye when she led her niece such a life of torment as will be described in these pages.

When Linda was told one day by Tetchen, the old servant, that there was a marriage on foot between Herr Steinmarc and Aunt Charlotte, Linda expressed her disbelief in very strong terms. When Tetchen produced many arguments to show why it should be so, and put aside as of no avail all the reasons given by Linda to show that such a marriage could hardly be intended, Linda was still incredulous. "You do not know Aunt Charlotte, Tetchen, — not as I do," said Linda.

"I've lived in the same house with her for fourteen years," said Tetchen angrily.

"And yet you do not know her. I am sure she will not marry Peter Steinmarc. She will never marry anybody. She does not think of such things."

"Pooh!" said Tetchen. "All women think of them. Their heads are always together, and Peter talks as though he meant to be master of the house, and he tells her everything about Ludovic. I heard them talking about Ludovic for the hour together the other night."

"You shouldn't listen, Tetchen."

"I didn't listen, miss. But when one is in and out one cannot stop one's ears. I hope there isn't going to be anything wrong between 'em about the house."

"My aunt will never do anything wrong, and my aunt will never marry Peter Steinmarc." So Linda declared in her aunt's defence, and in her latter assertion she was certainly right. Madame Staubach was not minded to marry Herr Steinmarc; but she might have done so had she wished it, for Herr Steinmarc asked her to take him more than once.

At this time, the widow Staubach was a woman not much over forty years of age; and though it can hardly be said that she was comely, yet she was not without a certain prettiness which might have charms in the judgment of Herr Steinmarc. She was very thin, and her face was pale, and here and there was the beginning of a wrinkle telling as much of trouble as of years; but her eyes were bright and clear, and her smooth hair, of which but the edge was allowed to be seen beneath her cap, was of as

rich a brown as when she had married Gasper Staubach, now more than twenty years ago; and her teeth were white and perfect, and the oval of her face had not been impaired by time, and her step, though slow, was light and firm, and her voice, though sad, was low and soft. In talking to men, — to such a man as was Herr Steinmarc, — her voice was always low and soft, though there would be a sharp note in it now and again when she would be speaking to Tetchen or her niece. Whether it was her gentle voice, or her bright eyes, or the edge of soft brown hair beneath her cap, or some less creditable feeling of covetousness in regard to the gabled house in the Schütt Island, shall not here be even guessed; but it was the fact that Herr Steinmarc had more than once asked Madame Staubach to be his wife when Tetchen first imparted her suspicion to Linda.

"And what were they saying about Ludovic?" asked Linda, when Tetchen, for the third time came to Linda with her tidings. Now Linda had scolded Tetchen for listening to her aunt's conversation about Ludovic, and Tetchen thought it unjust that she should be interrogated on the subject after being so treated.

"I told you, miss, I didn't hear anything, — only just the name."

"Very well, Tetchen, that will do; only I hope you won't say such things of Aunt Charlotte anywhere else."

"What harm have I said, Linda? surely to say of a widow that she's to be married to an honest man is not to say harm."

"But it is not true, Tetchen; and you should not say it." Then Tetchen departed, quite unconvinced, and Linda began to reflect how far her life would be changed for the better or for the worse, if Tetchen's tidings should ever be made true. But, as has been said before, Tetchen's tidings were never to be made true.

But Madame Staubach did not resent the offer made to her. When Peter Steinmarc told her that she was a lone woman, left without guidance or protection, she allowed the fact, admitting that guidance would be good for her. When he went on to say that Linda also was in need of protection, she admitted that also. "She is in sore need," Madame Staubach said, "The poor thoughtless child." And when Herr Steinmarc spoke of her pecuniary condition, reminding the widow, that, were she left without the lodger, the two women could hardly keep the old family roof over their head, Madame Staubach acknowledged it all, and perhaps went very suddenly to the true

point by expressing an opinion that everything would be much better arranged if the house were the property of Herr Steinmarc himself. "It isn't good that women should own houses," said Madame Staubach; "it should be enough for them that they are permitted to use them." Then Herr Steinmarc went on to explain, that, if the widow would consent to become his wife, he thought he could so settle things, that for their lives, at any rate, the house should be in his care and management. But the widow would not consent even to speak of such an arrangement as possible. She spoke a word, with a tear in her eye, of the human lord and master who had lived with her for two happy years, and said another word with some mystical allusion to a heavenly husband; and after that Herr Steinmarc felt that he could not plead his cause further with any hope of success. "But why should not Linda be your wife?" said Madame Staubach, as her disappointed suitor was about to retire.

The idea had never struck the man's mind before, and now, when the suggestion was made to him, he was for a while stricken dumb. Why should he not marry Linda Tressel the niece; gay, pretty, young, sweet as youth and prettiness and gayety could make her, a girl than whom there was none prettier, none sweeter, in all Nuremberg—and the real owner, too, of the house in which he lived,—instead of the aunt, who was neither gay, nor sweet, nor young; who, though she was virtuous, self-denying, and meek, possessed certainly but few feminine charms? Herr Steinmarc, though he was a man not by any means living outside the pale of the Church to which he belonged, was not so strongly given to religious observances as to have preferred the aunt because of her piety and sanctity of life. He was not hypocrite enough even to suggest to Madame Staubach that any such feeling warmed his bosom. Why should not Linda be his wife? He sat himself down again in the arm-chair from which he had risen, and began to consider the question.

In the first place, Herr Steinmarc was at this time nearly fifty years old, and Linda Tressel was only twenty. He knew Linda's age well, for he had been an inhabitant of the garret up-stairs when Linda was born. What would the Frau Tressel have said that night had any one prophesied to her that her little daughter would hereafter be offered as a wife to her husband's penniless clerk up-stairs? But penniless clerks often live to fill their masters' shoes,

and do sometimes marry their masters' daughters. And then Linda was known throughout Nuremberg to be the real owner of the house with the three gables, and Herr Steinmarc had an idea that the Nuremberg magistrates would rise up against him, were he to offer to marry the young heiress. And there was a third difficulty: Herr Steinmarc, though he had no knowledge on the subject, though his suspicions were so slight, that he had never yet mentioned them to his old friend the widow, though he was aware that he had barely a ground for the idea, still had an idea, that Linda Tressel's heart was no longer at Linda's own disposal.

But nevertheless the momentous question which had been so suddenly asked him was one which certainly deserved the closest consideration. It showed him, at any rate, that Linda's nearest friend would help him were he inclined to prosecute such a suit, and that she saw nothing out of course, nothing anomalous, in the proposition. It would be very nice to be the husband of a pretty, gay, sweet-tempered, joyous young girl. It would be very nice to marry the heiress of the house, and to become its actual owner and master, and it would be nice also to be preferred to him of whom Peter Steinmarc had thought as the true possessor of Linda's heart. If Linda were once his wife, Linda, he did not doubt, would be true to him. In such case Linda, whom he knew to be a good girl, would overcome any little prejudice of her girlhood. Other men of fifty had married girls of twenty, and why should not he, Peter Steinmarc, the well-to-do, comfortable, and, considering his age, good-looking town-clerk of the city of Nuremberg? He could not bring himself to tell Madame Staubach that he would transfer his affections to her niece on that occasion on which the question was first asked. He would take a week, he said, to consider. He took the week; but made up his mind on the first day of the week, and at the end of the week declared to Madame Staubach, that he thought the plan to be a good plan.

After that there was much discussion before any further step was taken, and Tetchen was quite sure that their lodger was to be married to Linda's aunt. There was much discussion, and the widow, shocked, perhaps, at her own cruelty, almost retreated from the offer she had made. But Herr Steinmarc was emboldened, and was now eager, and held her to her own plan. It was a good plan, and he was ready. He found that he could love the maiden, and

he wished to take her to his bosom at once. For a few days the widow's heart relented; for a few days there came across her breast a frail, foolish, human idea of love and passion, and the earthly joy of two young beings, happy in each other's arms. For a while she thought with regret of what she was about to do, of the sacrifice to be made, of the sorrow to be endured, of the death-blow to be given to those dreams of love which doubtless had arisen, though hitherto they were no more than dreams. Madame Staubach, though she was now a saint, had been once a woman, and knew as well as any woman of what nature are the dreams of love which fill the heart of a girl. It was because she knew them so well, that she allowed herself only a few hours of such weakness. What! should she hesitate between heaven and hell, between God and devil, between this world and the next, between sacrifice of time and sacrifice of eternity, when the disposal of her own niece, her own child, her nearest and dearest, was concerned? Was it not fit that the world should be crushed in the bosom of a young girl? and how could it be crushed so effectually as by marrying her to an old man, one whom she respected, but who was otherwise distasteful to her—one who, as a husband, would at first be abhorrent to her? As Madame Staubach thought of heaven then, a girl who loved and was allowed to indulge her love could hardly go to heaven. "Let it be so," she said to Peter Steinmarc after her few days of weak vacillation,—"let it be so. I think that it will be good for her." Then Peter Steinmarc swore that it would be good for Linda—that it should be good for Linda. His care should be so great that Linda might never doubt the good. "Peter Steinmarc, I am thinking of her soul," said Madame Staubach. "I am thinking of that too," said Peter; "one has, you know, to think of everything in turns."

Then there came to be a little difficulty as to the manner in which the proposition should be first made to Linda Tressel. Madame Staubach thought that it should be first made by Peter himself, but Peter was of opinion that if the ice were first broken by Madame Staubach, final success might be more probably achieved. "She owes you obedience, my friend, and she owes me none, as yet," said Peter. There seemed to be so much of truth in this that Madame Staubach yielded, and undertook to make the first overture to Linda on behalf of her lover.

CHAPTER II.

Linda Tressel was a tall, light-built, active young woman, in full health, by no means a fine lady, very able and very willing to assist Tetchen in the work of the house, or rather to be assisted by Tetchen in doing it, and fit at all points to be the wife of any young burgher in Nuremberg. And she was very pretty withal, with eager, speaking eyes, and soft luxurious tresses, not black, but of so very dark a brown as to be accounted black in some lights. It was her aunt's care to have these tresses confined, so that nothing of their wayward obstinacy in curling might be seen by the eyes of men; and Linda strove to obey her aunt, but the curls would sometimes be too strong for Linda, and would be seen over her shoulders and across her back, tempting the eyes of men sorely. Peter Steinmarc had so seen them many a time, and thought much of them when the offer of Linda's hand was first made to him. Her face, like that of her aunt, was oval in its form, and her complexion was dark and clear. But perhaps her greatest beauty consisted in the half-soft, half-wild expression of her face, which, while it seemed to declare to the world that she was mild, gentle, and for the most part, silent, gave a vague, doubtful promise of something that might be beyond, if only her nature were sufficiently awakened, creating a hope and mysterious longing for something more than might be expected from a girl brought up under the severe thralldom of Madame Charlotte Staubach,—creating a hope, or perhaps it might be a fear. And Linda's face in this respect was the true reflex of her character. She lived with her aunt a quiet, industrious, sober life, striving to be obedient, striving to be religious with the religion of her aunt. She had almost brought herself to believe that it was good for her to be crushed. She had quite brought herself to wish to believe it. She had within her heart no desire for open rebellion against domestic authority. The world was a dangerous, bad world, in which men were dust and women something lower than dust. She would tell herself so very often, and strive to believe herself when she did so. But, for all this, there was a yearning for something beyond her present life,—for something that should be of the world, worldly. When she heard profane music she would long to dance. When she heard the girls laughing in the public gardens she would long to stay

and laugh with them. Pretty ribbons and bright-coloured silks were a snare to her. When she could shake out her curly locks in the retirement of her own little chamber, she liked to feel them and to know that they were pretty.

But these were the wiles with which the devil catches the souls of women, and there were times when she believed that the devil was making an especial struggle to possess himself of her. There were moments in which she almost thought that the devil would succeed, and that, perhaps, it was but of little use for her to carry on any longer the futile contest. Would it not be pleasant to give up the contest, and to laugh and talk and shout and be merry, to dance and wear bright colours, and be gay in company with young men, as did the other girls around her? As for those other girls, their elder friends did not seem on their account to be specially in dread of Satan. There was Fanny Heisse who lived close to them, who had been Linda's friend when they went to school together. Fanny did just as she pleased, was always talking with young men, wore the brightest ribbons that the shops produced, was always dancing, seemed to be bound by no strict rules on life; and yet everybody spoke well of Fanny Heisse, and now Fanny was to be married to a young lawyer from Augsburg. Could it be the fact that the devil had made sure of Fanny Heisse? Linda had been very anxious to ask her aunt a question on that subject, but had been afraid. Whenever she attempted to discuss any point of theology with her aunt, such attempts always ended in renewed assurances of the devil's greediness, and in some harder, more crushing rule by which the devil's greed might be outwitted.

Then there came a time of terrible peril, and poor Linda was in greater doubt than ever. Fanny Heisse, who was to be married to the Augsburg lawyer, had long been accustomed to talk to young men, to one young man after another, so that young men had come to be almost nothing to her. She had selected one as her husband because it had been suggested to her that she had better settle herself in life; and this special one was well-to-do, and good-looking, and pleasant-mannered, and good-tempered. The whole thing with Fanny Heisse had seemed to go as though flirting, love, and marriage all came naturally, without danger, without care, and without disappointment. But a young man had now spoken to her, to Linda, — had spoken to her words that she did not dare to repeat to any one, — had

spoken to her twice, thrice, and she had not rebuked him. She had not, at least, rebuked him with that withering scorn which the circumstances had surely required, and which would have made him know that she regarded him as one sent purposely from the Evil One to tempt her. Now again had come upon her some terrible half-formed idea that it would be well to give up the battle and let the Evil One make free with his prey. But, in truth, her heart within her had so palpitated with emotion when these words had been spoken and been repeated, that she had lacked the strength to carry on the battle properly. How send a daring young man from you with withering scorn, when there lacks power to raise the eyes, to open or to close the lips, to think even at the moment whether such scorn is deserved, or something very different from scorn?

The young man had not been seen by Linda's eyes for nearly a month, when Peter Steinmarc and Madame Staubach settled between them that the ice should be broken. On the following morning aunt Charlotte prepared herself for the communication to be made, and, when she came in from her market purchases, went at once to her task. Linda was found by her aunt in their lodger's sitting-room, busy with brooms and brushes, while Tetchen on her knees was dry-rubbing the polished board round the broad margin of the room. "Linda," said Madame Staubach, "I have that which I wish to say to you; would you come with me for a while?" Then Linda followed her aunt to Madame Staubach's own chamber, and as she went, there came over her a guilty fear. Could it be that her aunt had heard of the words which the young man had spoken to her?

"Linda," said Madame Staubach, "sit down, — there, in my chair. I have a proposition to make to you of much importance, — of very great importance. May the Lord grant that the thing that I shall do shall be right in His sight!"

"To make to me, aunt?" said Linda, now quite astray as to her aunt's intention. She was sure, at least, that there was no danger about the young man. Had it been her aunt's purpose to rebuke her for aught that she had done, her aunt's manner and look would have been very different, — would have been hard, severe, and full of denunciation. As it was, Madame Staubach almost hesitated in her words, and certainly had assumed much less than her accustomed austerity.

"I hope, Linda, that you know that I love you."

"I am sure that you love me, aunt Charlotte. But why do you ask me?"

"If there be any one in this world that I do love, it is you, my child. Who else is there left to me? Were it not for you the world with all its troubles would be nothing to me, and I could prepare myself to go in peace when He should be pleased to take me."

"But why do you say this now, aunt Charlotte?"

"I will tell you why I say it now. Though I am hardly an old woman yet" —

"Of course you are not an old woman."

"I wish I were older, that I might be nearer to my rest. But you are young, and it is necessary that your future life should be regarded. Whether I go hence or remain here it will be proper that some settlement should be made for you." Then Madame Staubach paused, and Linda began to think that her aunt had on her mind some scheme about the house. When her aunt had spoken of going hence or remaining here, Linda had not been quite sure whether the goings and remainings spoken of were wholly spiritual, or whether there was any reference to things worldly and temporal. Could it be that Tetchen was after all right in her surmise? Was it possible that her aunt was about to be married to Peter Steinmarc? But she said nothing; and after a while her aunt went on very slowly with her proposition. "Yes, Linda, some settlement for future life should be made. You know that the house in which we live is your own."

"It is yours and mine together, aunt."

"No, Linda; the house is your own. And the furniture in it is yours too; so that Herr Steinmarc is your lodger. It is right that you should understand all this; but I think too well of my own child to believe that she will ever on that account be disobedient or unruly."

"That will never make a difference."

"No, Linda; I am sure it will not. Providence has been pleased to put me in the place of both father and mother to you. I will not say that I have done my duty by you" —

"You have, aunt, always," said Linda, taking her aunt's hand and pressing it affectionately.

"But I have found, and I expect to find, a child's obedience. It is good that the young should obey their elders, and should understand that those in authority over them should know better than they can do themselves what is good for them." Linda was now altogether astray in her thoughts and anticipations. Her aunt had very fre-

quently spoken to her in this strain; nay, a week did not often pass by without such a speech. But then the speeches would come without the solemn prelude which had been made on this occasion, and would be caused generally by some act or word or look or movement on the part of Linda of which Madame Staubach had found herself obliged to express disapprobation. On the present occasion the conversation had been commenced without any such expression. Her aunt had even deigned to commend the general tenor of her life. She had dropped the hand as soon as her aunt began to talk of those in authority, and waited with patience till the gist of the lecture should be revealed to her. "I hope you will understand this now, Linda. That which I shall propose to you is for your welfare, here and hereafter, even though it may not at first seem to you to be agreeable."

"What is it, aunt?" said Linda, jumping up quickly from her seat.

"Sit down, my child, and I will tell you." But Linda did not resear herself at once. Some terrible fear had come upon her, — some fear of she knew not what, — and she found it to be almost impossible to remain quiet at her aunt's knee. "Sit down, Linda, when I ask you." Then Linda did sit down, but she had altogether lost that look of quiet, passive endurance which her face and figure had borne when she was first asked to listen to her aunt's words.

"The time in your life has come, my dear, when I as your guardian have to think whether it is not well that you should be — married."

"But I do not want to be married," said Linda, jumping up again.

"My dearest child, it would be better that you should listen to me. Marriage, you know, is an honourable state."

"Yes, I know, of course. But, aunt Charlotte" —

"Hush, my dear."

"A girl need not be married unless she likes."

"If I were dead, with whom would you live? Who would there be to guard you and guide you?"

"But you are not going to die."

"Linda, that is very wicked."

"And why can I not guide myself?"

"Because you are young, and weak, and foolish. Because it is right that they who are frail, and timid, and spiritless, should be made subject to those who are strong and able to hold dominion and to exact obedience." Linda did not at all like being told that she was spiritless. She thought

that she might be able to show spirit enough were it not for the duty that she owed to her aunt. And as for obedience, though she were willing to obey her aunt, she felt that her aunt had no right to transfer her privilege in that respect to another. But she said nothing, and her aunt went on with her proposition.

"Our lodger, Peter Steinmarc, has spoken to me, and he is anxious to make you his wife."

"Peter Steinmarc!"

"Yes, Linda; Peter Steinmarc."

"Old Peter Steinmarc!"

"He is not old. What has his being old to do with it?"

"I will never marry Peter Steinmarc, aunt Charlotte."

Madame Staubach had not expected to meet with immediate and positive obedience. She had thought it probable that there might be some opposition shown to her plan when it was first brought forward. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, when marriage was suggested abruptly to such a girl as Linda Tressel, even though the suggested husband had been an Apollo? What young woman could have said, Oh, certainly; whenever, you please, aunt Charlotte," to such a proposition. Feeling this, Madame Staubach would have gone to work by degrees," would have opened her siege by gradual trenches, and have approached the citadel by parallels, before she attempted to take it by storm, had she known anything of the ways and forms of such strategy. But though she knew that there were such ways and forms of strategy among the ungodly, out in the world with the worldly, she had practised none such herself, and knew nothing of the mode in which they should be conducted. On this subject, if on any, her niece owed to her obedience, and she would claim that obedience as hers of right. Though Linda would at first be startled, she would probably be not the less willing to obey at last, if she found her guardian stern and resolute in her demand. "My dear," she said, "you have probably not yet had time to think of the marriage which I have proposed to you."

"I want no time to think of it."

"Nothing in life should be accepted or rejected without thinking, Linda,—nothing except sin; and thinking cannot be done without time."

"This would be sin—a great sin!"

"Linda, you are very wicked."

"Of course, I am wicked?"

"Herr Steinmarc is a most respectable man. There is no man in all Nuremberg

more respected than Herr Steinmarc." This was doubtless Madame Staubach's opinion of Peter Steinmarc, but it may be that Madame Staubach was not qualified to express the opinion of the city in general on that subject. "He holds the office which your father held before him, and for many years has inhabited the best rooms in your father's house."

"He is welcome to the rooms if he wants them," said Linda. "He is welcome to the whole house if you choose to give it to him."

"That is nonsense, Linda. Herr Steinmarc wants nothing that is not his of right."

"I am not his of right," said Linda.

"Will you listen to me? You are much mistaken if you think that it is because of your trumpy house that this honest man wishes to make you his wife." We must suppose that Madame Staubach suffered some qualm of conscience as she proffered this assurance, and that she repented afterwards of the sin she committed in making a statement which she could hardly herself have believed to be exactly true. "He knew your father before you were born, and your mother; and he has known me for many years. Has he not lived with us ever since you can remember?"

"Yes," said Linda; "I remember him ever since I was a very little girl,—as long as I can remember anything,—and he seemed to be as old then as he is now."

"And why should he not be old? Why should you want a husband to be young and foolish and headstrong as you are yourself; perhaps some one who would drink and gamble and go about after strange women?"

"I don't want any man for a husband," said Linda.

"There can be nothing more proper than that Herr Steinmarc should make you his wife. He has spoken to me, and he is willing to undertake the charge."

"The charge!" almost screamed Linda, in terrible disgust.

"He is willing to undertake the charge, I say. We shall then still live together, and may hope to be able to maintain a God-fearing household, in which there may be as little opening to the temptations of the world as may be found in any well-ordered house."

"I do not believe that Peter Steinmarc is a God-fearing man."

"Linda, you are very wicked to say so."

"But if he were it would make no difference."

"Linda!"

"I only know that he loves his money better than anything in the world, and that he never gives a kreutzer to any one, and that he won't subscribe to the hospital, and he always thinks that Tetchen takes his wine, though Tetchen never touches a drop."

"When he has a wife she will look after these things."

"I will never look after them," said Linda.

The conversation was brought to an end as soon after this as Madam Staubach was able to close it. She had done all that she had intended to do, and had done it with as much of good result as she had expected. She had probably not thought that Linda would be quite so fierce as she had shown herself; but she had expected tears, and more of despair, and a clearer protestation of abject misery in the proposed marriage. Linda's mind would now be filled with the idea, and probably she might by degrees reconcile herself to it, and learn to think that Peter was not so very old a man. At any rate it would now be for Peter himself to carry on the battle.

Linda, as soon as she was alone, sat down with her hands before her and with her eyes fixed, gazing on vacancy, in order that she might realise to herself the thing proposed to her. She had said very little to her aunt of the nature of the misery which such a marriage seemed to offer her, — not because her imagination made for her no clear picture on the subject, not because she did not foresee unutterable wretchedness in such a union. The picture of such wretchedness had been very palpable to her. She thought that no consideration on earth would induce her to take that mean-faced old man to her breast as her husband, her Lord — as the one being whom she was to love beyond everybody else in this world. The picture was clear enough, but she had argued to herself, unconsciously, that any description of that picture to her aunt would seem to suppose that the consummation of the picture was possible. She preferred therefore to declare that the thing was impossible, — an affair the completion of which would be quite out of the question. Instead of assuring her aunt that it would have made her miserable to have to look after Peter Steinmarc's wine, she at once protested that she never would take upon herself that duty. "I am not his of right," she had said; and as she said it, she resolved that she would adhere to that protest. But when she was alone she remembered her aunt's

demand, her own submissiveness, her old habits of obedience, and above all she remembered the fear that would come over her that she was giving herself to the devil in casting from her her obedience on such a subject, and then she became very wretched. She told herself that sooner or later her aunt would conquer her, that sooner or later that mean-faced old man, with his snuffy fingers, and his few straggling hairs brushed over his bald pate, with his big shoes spreading here and there because of his corns, and his ugly, loose, square, snuffy coat, and his old hat which he had worn so long that she never liked to touch it, would become her husband, and that it would be her duty to look after his wine, and his old shoes, and his old hat and to have her own little possession doled out to her by his penuriousness. Though she continued to swear to herself that heaven and earth together should never make her become Herr Steinmarc's wife, yet at the same time she continued to bemoan the certainty of her coming fate. If they were both against her — both, with the Lord on their sides — how could she stand against them with nothing to aid her — nothing, but the devil, and a few words spoken to her by one whom hitherto she had never dared to answer?

The house in which Linda and Madame Staubach lived, of which the three gables faced towards the river, and which came so close upon the stream that there was but a margin some six feet broad between the wall and the edge of the water, was approached by a narrow street or passage, which reached as far as the end of the house where there was a small gravelled court or open place, perhaps thirty feet square. Opposite to the door of the red house was the door of that in which lived Fanny Heisse with her father and mother. They indeed had another opening into one of the streets of the town, which was necessary, as Jacob Heisse was an upholsterer, and required an exit from his premises for chairs and tables. But to the red house with the three gables there was no other approach than by the narrow passage which ran between the river and the back of Heisse's workshop. Thus the little courtyard was very private, and Linda could stand leaning on the wicket-gate which divided the little garden from the court, without being subject to the charge of making herself public to the passers-by. Not but what she might be seen when so standing by those in the Ruden Platz on the other side of the river, as had often been pointed out to her by her aunt. But it was a habit with her to stand there,

perhaps because while so standing she would often hear the gay laugh of her old friend Fanny, and would thus, at second hand, receive some impress from the gaiety of the world without. Now, in her musing, without thinking much of whither she was going, she went slowly down the stairs and out of the door, and stood leaning upon the gate looking over the river at the men who were working in the front of the warehouses. She had not been there long when Fanny ran across to her from the door of her father's house. Fanny Heisse was a bright broad-faced girl, with light hair, and laughing eyes, and a dimple on her chin, freckled somewhat, with a pug nose, and a large mouth. But for all this Fanny Heisse was known throughout Nuremberg as a pretty girl.

"Linda what do you think?" said Fanny. "Papa was at Augsburg yesterday, and has just come home, and it is all to come off the week after next."

"And you are happy?"

"Of course I'm happy. Why shouldn't a girl be happy? He's a good fellow and de-

serves it all, and I mean to be such a wife to him! Only he is to let me dance. But you don't care for dancing?"

"I have never tried it — much."

"No; your people think it wicked. I am so glad mine don't. But, Linda, you'll be let to come to my marriage — will you not? I do so want you to come. I was making up the party just now with mother and his sister Marie. Father brought Marie home with him. And we have put you down for one. But, Linda, what ails you? Does anything ail you?" Fanny might well ask, for the tears were running down Linda's face."

"It is nothing particular."

"Nay, but it is something particular — something very particular. Linda, you mope too much."

"I have not been moping now. But, Fanny, I cannot talk to you about it. I cannot indeed — not now. Do not be angry with me if I go in and leave you." Then Linda ran in, and went up to her bedroom and bolted the door.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

PERSONAL STATISTICS.

THERE is nothing that tends so much to depreciate the labours of the ordinary statistical inquirer as the obscurity, which, for the most part, he fails to remove from the *remoter* causes of the social phenomena which he chronicles. By widening the area of his calculations and reiterating the various processes by which he verifies them, he can place his facts beyond the reach of all rational question; and, in so far as these facts are the immediate results of physical causes, he can very often raise a presumption as to what these causes are which falls very little short of proof. He can not only fix the limits of human life, and ascertain the relative longevity of the sexes in certain places, or during given periods of time; but he can guess, very fairly, at what have been the effects of sanitary arrangements,

or their absence, of variation of temperature, peculiarities of soil, and the like, on the springs of life.

But physical agents are by no means the only ones which operate in the production even of physical results. Man does not live, even physically, by bread alone; and his being, and still more his well-being, are dependent on a variety of influences very different from either pure air or wholesome food. That the nervous system acts very powerfully on the rest of the bodily organs, and is itself greatly under the influence of what even those who deny the existence of an immaterial portion of our nature altogether still call our "spirits," — are facts with reference to which the experiences of all men, and the bitter experiences of most men, have removed the possibility of scepticism. In the case of many of us, even our doctors would, probably, hesitate to offer a very confident opinion as to whether we

should ultimately swell the lists of those who die of diarrhoea in summer, or of bronchitis in winter. But we know, without a doctor, that the period at which we shall appear in our destined category depends very much on whether the dinners which we eat do us good or harm; and this question, in its turn, depends on the frame of mind in which we eat them, quite as much as on the quality either of the dinners, or of the drinks with which we wash them down. The frame of mind, however, is the result not only of natural temperament, but of a long course of good and evil habits, and good and evil fortunes; and it thus appears that even longevity is dependent on what, speaking popularly, we may call moral, quite as much as on physical agencies.

It is true that there are certain classes of moral causes from the observation of which the ordinary statistician is by no means shut out. Statistics of education, intemperance, and prostitution, when viewed in relation to crime, pauperism, and insanity, have yielded some of the most precious hints for the guidance of modern legislation. But these hints would be more significant, and that guidance would be surer, if we could go a step farther back. That education, intemperance, and prostitution, affect crime, pauperism, and insanity, we know; but what promotes education, feeds intemperance, or fosters prostitution? It is in this region of the remoter moral causes that the efforts of the statistician are most restricted; and yet it is in this region, almost exclusively, that the influence of good and evil are amenable either to the individual, or the general will. The final catastrophe is quite beyond our control; but it is very different with the steps which lead up to it, one by one; and it is these steps, most of all, that it concerns us to follow. "The good," we are told, "die young," and their fate is ascribed, not without reason, probably, to a more than ordinary sensitiveness to sin and misery. Whether even they would not have lived longer, had they been better and wiser, and whether the very best and wisest of us are not those who, on an average, last the longest, are questions which we commend to the reader's meditations. But if any man who has attained to middle age will recall the stories of his early friends, we venture to affirm that he will, without difficulty or hesitation, ascribe the deaths of not a few of those who have gone before him to moral causes, and these causes which were not inevitable, and which were neither unforeseen nor unforetold. In many cases, the

very circumstances which diminish or mitigate his feelings of personal blame, either as attaching to his departed friends or their surroundings, are precisely those which deepen his regrets. Had the false courses been discovered earlier, it is scarcely possible to doubt that they could have been and would have been abandoned. But the breakers were too near before the observations were taken; and wind and tide, by that time, rendered all warnings vain.

At first sight, it seems as if the impediment which ties up the hands of the statistician from the investigation of the class of causes to which we here refer were irremediable. The tools of his trade are not suited for delicate manipulations, and he consequently deals with mankind in masses, and never reaches the individual man. Any inferences which he may draw as to the reasons of an individual for doing what he did—as to the train of previous events to which he owes his fortunes, which culminated in his success or his failure, which brought about his advancement, his marriage, his bankruptcy, his conviction, his emigration, or his death—are little better than the vaguest guesses.

Of this a remarkable instance occurs in a very interesting and important investigation which Dr. Stark, the medical officer attached to the Registrar General's department in Scotland, has recently made as to the "influence of marriage on the death-rates of men and women in Scotland." To Dr. Stark's own surprise, no less than that of the public, it appears, at first sight at least, that the influence of marriage is, not only to diminish the death-rate of both sexes, *but to do so to a very much greater extent in the male sex than in the female sex.* The facts, as given in a paper which Dr. Stark read to the Royal Society last winter, since republished as a pamphlet, and which, we understand, subsequent investigations have still further confirmed, are these:—

"From twenty to twenty-five years of age, out of every 100,000 unmarried men, 1,174 died during the year; but, out of a like number of married men, only 597, or just half the number. In other words, between the age of twenty and twenty-five years, the death-rate of the bachelors was exactly double that of the married men. As the age increases, the difference between the death-rates of the married and unmarried decreases; but it decreases slowly and regularly, showing a marked difference in favour of the married men at every quinquennial period of life. Thus, at the age of twenty-five to thirty years, when the number of married and unmarried men in Scotland is

pretty nearly equal, of every 100,000 bachelors, 1,369 died during the year; but, of an equal number of married men, only 865 died. At that period of life, also, the death-rate of the bachelors very greatly exceeded that of the married men. Between the ages of thirty and thirty-five while in every 100,000 bachelors, 1,475 died; only 907 died out of an equal number of married men. Between the ages of forty and forty-five, while 1,689 died out of every 100,000 bachelors, only 1,248 died out of an equal number of married men. At the ages of sixty to sixty-five, while 4,330 died during the year out of every 100,000 bachelors, only 3,385 died out of a like number of married men. Even at the age of seventy to seventy-five, while 10,143 died out of 100,000 bachelors, only 8,055 died out of a like number of married men. And at the extreme age of eighty to eighty-five, while 19,988 died during the year out of every 100,000 bachelors, only 17,400 died out of a like number of married men."

Here, then, most unquestionably, is a very wonderful fact. It is new to us, it contradicts our prevailing beliefs, and falsifies our popular proverbs; but "it is proved by trustworthy statistics, applicable to the whole population," and these statistics, as we have said, have been confirmed by subsequent investigations. As a fact, we can no longer doubt that bachelors die in a higher rate, when compared with married men, than persons engaged in the most unwholesome trades, or residing in the filthiest and most crowded localities, when compared with the general population. But what are we to make of the fact, now that we have it? Is bachelorhood the cause, or even a cause, of bachelors dying earlier than married men? The mere fact does not tell us this; and, till we know it, it is impossible to determine whether bachelorhood be an unmixed evil that we must fight against, like stagnant water and exhausted air; whether it be a consequence of the natural inequalities in strength and energy which God, for mysterious reasons, has made inseparable from human life, and which, like these irregularities, we must accept; or whether, finally, it be a merciful safeguard against the misery of individuals, and the degeneracy of the species, which we must gratefully and carefully husband. Until the causal value of the fact be in some degree determined, it is little more than a social curiosity; and the moment that we attempt to take a step in the direction of causation, our statistical footing becomes insecure. The temptation to give value to the *post hoc*, by ascribing to it the character of the *propter hoc* is irresistible; but the statistician no sooner yields to it than he feels that he is

beyond the bounds of his science, and back in the region of popular conjecture. Dr. Stark is not only a careful reasoner, but a cautious writer; and yet he is not proof against the seduction. At first he tells us that bachelor life is "more destructive" to the male sex than any or all of the unfavourable circumstances with which ordinary statistics deal; and then he adds what, if that assertion were warranted, would be the obvious converse of the proposition, viz. that "the married state is the condition of life best fitted for mankind; and that the prolongation of life which attends that state is a special provision of Nature to protect the father of a family in order that he may provide for his offspring, and superintend their rearing. It is quite true, however," he continues, "that this special prolongation of life is based on fixed laws of nature; for the married man is, in general, not only more healthy, vigorous, and free from disease, than the unmarried, but he is also more regular in his habits, is better housed, better fed, and better attended to." All this we grant. It is warranted by common observation so notorious as to supersede the teaching of blue-books altogether; for, although the effect of ill-assorted marriages must be to diminish the chances of longevity for both the parties to them, they are, we hope and believe, so rare as not to merit that we should take them into account. But here is a rider to the argument which shows us how very short a way it carries us. "Married men," says Dr. Stark, most truly, "may be accounted, in one sense, as selected lives; for the weak, the delicate, those suffering from disease of any kind, the dissipated, the licentious, do not marry, so that all such are found among the unmarried. And, as all such die at a much higher rate than the robust and temperate, we have what we may term a natural explanation of the great difference in the death-rates of the married and unmarried men." If the "natural explanation" were complete, it is plain that the fact would lose all significance. We should simply know that strong men, on the whole, both marry oftener and live longer than weak men; and marriage would be no more proved to be a cause of longevity by its coincidence with it, than it would be proved to be a cause of mental activity or success in life by such facts as that there is not, at this moment, a single bachelor on the Scottish bench, and that all the professors in the University of Edinburgh are married except one, who is very unlikely to be long an

exception. Still we concur with Dr. Stark in thinking that it is not complete. We believe that the fact which he has established goes beyond the causes which the explanation embraces; though how far they go we have no means of determining, and we cannot but think, that in the following passages, he draws on his observations as a man of the world rather than as a statist:—

"This" (the natural explanation) "would only account for the difference in the death-rates of the married and unmarried to a very small extent, and that, too, during the earlier years of life, — say from twenty to forty years; but it quite fails to explain the difference in the death-rates at the higher ages. Thus,—all the men between twenty and thirty years who remain unmarried from natural infirmity, or from possessing sickly or diseased constitutions, or from being addicted to intemperate or licentious habits, die before they have attained their fortieth year. Scarcely one such survives the critical climacteric age of seven times seven. All men, therefore, who have survived their fortieth year, certainly all above fifty years, must be considered, for all practical purposes, as selected lives; and if a difference should be found in the death-rates of the married and unmarried after that age, it can alone be referred to causes connected with the married state. But Table II. proves, that at every separate quinquennial age, from forty up to extreme old age, married men die in a much smaller ratio than the unmarried. This lower death-rate in the married men can, therefore, alone be attributed to the influence of marriage, and to the habits which attend marriage in this country; and it would be a most interesting subject for inquiry in countries where married habits are different, to ascertain to what extent these different habits caused the death-rates of the married and unmarried to differ from those of the Scottish people."

The first result of such an inquiry, if we are not greatly mistaken, would be to prove to us that "married habits" in other countries do not differ from our own to anything like the extent that we commonly imagine. But be this as it may, whether these habits deserve the credit which Dr. Stark ascribes to them, is a question which we fear must remain *in dubio*, till we have the benefit of a closer analysis of their effects than he has yet given us. Supposing it to be true, for example, that the weaklings of the flock die early, as he asserts, and mostly unmarried, who can tell that they would not have died earlier still if they had been burdened with the *onera matrimonii*, and that, by promoting early marriages, we should not diminish, in place of increasing, longevity, and the well-being of which longevity is valuable only as

an indication? That there is a risk in this direction, both to the individuals themselves and to their offspring, is quite obvious; and its extent, whether absolutely or relatively to that which Dr. Stark has had mainly in view, can be calculated only by coming closer to individual and personal circumstances than the means at the disposal of the Registrar General admit of now or perhaps ever will admit of. For what we have called "personal statistics," we shall always probably be beholden, in a great measure, to personal effort; and as, for the reasons we have mentioned, we believe it is to them that we must look for the explanation of much that the public tables tell us, the obligation is one which, if we cannot compensate, we ought gratefully to acknowledge.

Amongst our benefactors in this field of inquiry, Mr. Vacher, the resident surgeon of the Edinburgh Maternity Hospital, has just laid claim to a conspicuous place.

Twenty years ago it had been confidently asserted, — and the confident assertion, like many others, has been tacitly asserted ever since, — that eighty per cent of all who have been seduced have been led astray by individuals moving in a higher sphere than themselves." The accuracy of this assertion Mr. Vacher resolved to test, and he accordingly examined the records of 364 first confinements which had occurred in the institution under his charge, from 1st April, 1864, to 31st March, 1867. The results, which are entirely at variance with popular prejudice, we give in his own words:—

"1. That a very trifling per cent of the seduced have been led astray by men moving in a higher sphere than themselves; that, as a rule, the seducers in each grade of the community are to be found within that grade; and that it is quite as much the exception for a gentleman to seduce the daughter of a working man, as it is for a private soldier to seduce the daughter of a minister, or for the child of a physician to be led astray by a policeman.

"2. That young women, whether servants or others, are rarely, if ever, seduced by students attending the University.

"3. That soldiers are certainly not more guilty of the crime than other classes of the community.

As Edinburgh is a university and garrison town, the seat of the courts of law, with their numerous surroundings, and a place which from the mere amenity of its situation is constantly selected by the luxurious as a residence, the class of young men possessed of leisure and money sufficient to enable them to engage in the pursuit of "pleasure"

is far greater in proportion to the population than in most other towns; and as the facts in question rest on the statements of the girls themselves, whom vanity and avarice would in general combine in inducing to ascribe their misfortunes to men of the upper rather than the lower classes, they can scarcely fail, as Mr. Vacher has observed, to be recognised as "more than fair" evidence against the working classes as the chief agents in their own degradation. The mere number of seductions in a given population, which is all that we can learn from the ordinary statistics of crime, teaches us scarcely anything as to the remedial measures to which we must resort. But when we know by whom they are effected, when we learn that, the *cause* in general is not the luxurious and heartless self-indulgence of the educated classes, but the coarseness, want of self-respect, or pride of caste, and unrestrained animal propensities of the uneducated, we know what we have got to do. In place of "idealising backwards," and befooling the poorer classes with laudations which, if true, would amount to a proof that civilization was impossible, and confirm Rousseau's dreary paradox, *l'homme civilisé un être dépravé*, we must try to civilize them as fast as we can, and this we can do only by bringing to bear upon them the influences by which the upper classes have been relatively civilized. And as regards the upper classes themselves, inasmuch as the fact that morality keeps pace with real refinement has been confirmed by a fresh test, we are armed with a fresh argument in favour of the higher instruction. "Upwards, onwards!" the great battle-cry of struggling humanity, has been repeated to us by the application of "personal statistics," with an emphasis which it can scarcely ever derive from the labours of the public statistician.

Having made these remarks in explanation, and furnished this example in illustration of this minuter method of inquiry into the phenomena of social life, we shall indicate two directions in which it seems to us that its application is not impossible, and in which, if it could be applied, the importance of the results which it would yield will not be questioned.

I. One of the gravest questions which meet the educationalist, and one which though constantly *begged*, has never been answered is, whether the acquisition of an unusual amount of positive knowledge in early life does or does not conspire to mental and physical vigour, and to the ultimate success in life which depends on these qualities? Are dux-boys, and those who succeed in

competitive examinations, on the whole wiser, stronger, better, and more valuable members of society than average boys, or than they themselves would have been had their powers of rapid acquisition been less stimulated in early life? We have all heard, and most of us have used the arguments *pro* and *con*, *ad nauseam*; and yet we are no nearer to a solution than we were years ago. Now, should we not be more likely to make progress if, in place of wrangling with each other, any one of us were to do this? Procure from all our great public schools lists of those boys who had carried off the highest honours during the last half century. Most schools could furnish such lists, if not for the whole, at least for a considerable portion of the period we have mentioned. Many of them could go farther back; and in each case the fullest information had better be procured at once. Then set about inquiring into the subsequent history of the careers thus auspiciously commenced. A good deal could be learned from the schools; the individuals themselves, or their relatives and friends, might generally be appealed to; and in one way or other there are but few cases that would set industry and perseverance wholly at defiance. That a very large body of reliable information could thus be collected is unquestionable. Let us see what would be likely to result from its subjection to analytical pressure.

1st. The average life of duxes and the higher prize boys, as compared with their school-fellows or the general population, might be ascertained; and this single fact would indicate to no inconsiderable extent, not only the physical, but the moral and intellectual effects of the processes to which they had been subjected.

2d. The diseases of which they died, and the number of them who became insane.

3d. Their success as men of business.

4th. The amount of vigour which they continued to exhibit in after-life in acquiring or disseminating knowledge.

5th. The amount of the higher and rarer mental qualities of fruitfulness and originality which they exhibited.

6th. Their moral habits, their marriages, &c., which, of course, would in the main, keep pace with their fortunes in other respects.

II. There are few questions which more perplex the minds of fathers of families particularly when their sons exhibit no very decided personal leanings, than the amount of well-being and ill-being, moral and physical, which falls, on an average, to the

share of those who enter the various professions. What are the chances of the Bar, the Army, the Navy, India, the Church? — for even the Church must not be entered by ordinary men without a rational adaptation of means to ends. Now these, also, are questions which admit, if we are not mistaken, of approximate solutions by the method which we are here recommending; and in the hope of encouraging others by a very insignificant and partial example, we shall conclude this paper by setting down a few facts with reference to the Scottish Bar, which, with the help of a "learned brother," we have succeeded in collecting. Adopting our own year (for we were birds of the same season) as our *point de depart*, we measured off half a decade of professional life on either side of it. There was scarcely a name which occurred during these ten years that was not familiar to us. We had heard the glad laughter of their possessors, when they first set foot in the *salle des pas perdus*; and with few exceptions, though with very varying fortunes, they had continued to tread by our side or had dropped down within our gaze during the twenty years that had since elapsed. So, when we had made a list of them, and set down the main features of each man's story opposite his name, it was a proud and pathetic muster-roll; for whilst we thankfully and joyfully recognised that, for so small a company, we had had more than our share both of God's work and God's wages, to say nothing of the Queen's salt, we could not conceal from ourselves that of those who have fallen there were some at least who might have lived and adorned less exciting and perilous callings. It is said the health of troops is better in the field than in barracks; and that those who are saved by the enlivening influences of a campaign from the dangers incident to a stagnant existence go far to make up for those who are killed outright in any ordinary war. Analogous results would probably be derived from comparing the effects of the severer and more exciting occupations — law, literature, politics, and the like — with the ordinary forms of industry. The killed and wounded would unquestionably be more numerous in the former; but we doubt whether it would be found that the death-rate was thereby increased, to anything like the extent which we should at first have anticipated. But we shall give our facts, and leave our readers to judge of them, premising, that from their nature, some of them could only be approximations, whilst for very obvious reasons we cannot

furnish the public with the means of testing their accuracy which were at our own disposal. None of them, however, are far from the truth; and, were the investigation carried on on a wider basis, the accuracy of its results would be quite sufficient to enable us to construct a professional chart perfectly trustworthy for practical purposes.

During the period of which we speak, then, eighty-one men, in all, were called to the Bar, or "passed Advocate," as we say in Scotland; for with us it has been a passage not wholly free from anxieties, though, in obedience to the fashions of the time, the terrors of the Examination Committee have alternated with those of the Ballot Box. Of these eighty-one, not more than fourteen or fifteen ever secured any appreciable amount of general practice; by which we mean a permanent income of say 300*l.* a year not arising from official appointments. Out of these, say, fifteen men of promise, not more than nine or ten are in practice now; but of this comparatively insignificant band five are in very large practice, the extent of which may be judged of when we mention that two have held the office of Solicitor-General, and two are understood to have declined the Bench. So far, — notwithstanding these brilliant prizes — the prospect certainly is not inviting, except for those whose self-reliance is greater than that of most men ought to be. But the picture brightens when we remember that eight of our number have been made sheriffs of counties; fifteen sheriff-substitutes; and that we have had scattered amongst us twelve other official appointments, which would scarcely have been attainable except to members of the bar. On the whole, it seems to us that our fortunes ought by no means to exercise a deterrent influence, when we inform those who may meditate joining our family circle, that just about one-half of us (forty as near as we can calculate) live, or have lived, by the altar. And this impression will be strengthened by the additional fact that amongst us there were eighteen who were, or were to be, the happy inheritors of paternal acres so wide as greatly to relax the energies of the youthful wearers of horse-hair. Of these sons of fortune one only has stuck to the profession with loyal devotion; and, though several hold offices, not one, so far as we know, has got into practice. On the other hand, they have probably had a good deal to do with raising the marriage-rate to the high figure of fifty-three *already*, and there can be little doubt that their influence is felt in keeping

down the average age of marriage to (we believe) twenty-seven — which is greatly under what our readers would probably have anticipated.* The death-rate amongst us has not been high — only about fourteen. But we have had no less than seven cases of insanity; which is greatly beyond the average, and must, we fear, be set down to the tear, and wear, and worry, of which many of us have had more than our share. In conclusion, we shall add these few miscellaneous gleanings. We have now one parson, and one doctor, whilst two of us were doctors to begin with, and two of us were soldiers. We have had no less than eleven authors (not including periodical writers and reporters), two professors, two M.P.'s, and one — there could be but one — Lord Lyon!

From the London Review, Sept. 28.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE RAPIDS.

THE President of the United States has not yet shot Niagara, but he has got upon the rapids, and there seems now no possible means by which he can escape the logical catastrophe of the course to which he has committed himself. No photographer has yet been able to seize and hold upon his plate the famous rapids by which Lake Erie pours itself through the rocky pass to the roaring abyss; and it is almost equally impossible for the mind to retain in one glance the series of leaps by which Mr. Johnson has of late been fulfilling the inexorable demands of his "policy." The removal of Mr. Stanton from the War Office, startling as it was under the circumstances, had hardly prepared his countrymen for the swift changes of the week that followed. That week, the last in the month of August, opened with the recall of General Sheridan from command in New Orleans, for no assignable reason except that this general had removed a mayor, a judge, and a chief of police, all of whom had openly declared that they did not recognize the laws or the authority of the United States as binding upon them. General Thomas, who was appointed to supersede General Sheridan, is doubly indisposed to do so, his health being

inadequate, and his sympathies entirely with that officer. General Hancock, whose views, though unknown to the country, are believed to be in harmony with those of the President, was appointed to the position. Meantime General Thomas is thus dexterously removed from Kentucky, where his hand had been felt by the disloyal. On the following day General Sickles was removed from the command of the Carolinas, because he insisted on trying and punishing by a military court — in exact accordance with the Act of Congress — two men who had inflicted, with great barbarity, one hundred and twenty-six lashes upon a negro girl, who had resisted being beaten by a white girl, the magistrate having assisted in the outrage. General Canby was appointed to this place, with orders that the military should not interfere with any such Southern pastimes, should civil magistrates approve them, the question why General Canby, or any other Federal officer, need be in the Carolinas at all, not having occurred, apparently, to Mr. Johnson's mind. The Bureau established in the War Department, under the direction of Dr. Francis Lieber, for the collection and arrangement of the archives of the late Confederacy, was closed on the next day. General Binckley, a man once expelled from the Land Office for disloyalty, is appointed Public Prosecutor. This was speedily followed by the removal of one of the most philanthropic and earnest agents the country ever had, General Howard, from the head of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the substitution for him of General Gordon Granger, a man whose very name has long been a terror to the negroes over whom he will soon have vast power. The reason given by the President for Howard's removal is that he is a "hypocrite." The intimations of trouble from the negroes in case this change were carried out suddenly were so clear that General Howard has been ordered to continue in his place for the present. All of these removals and appointments were made against the opinion and, in one or two cases, against the protest of the general appointed by Congress to be the military Commander-in-chief of the United States army. General Grant, however, issues orders to the new commanders that they shall not reverse the decisions and proceedings of their predecessors; but the President had, by the help of some astute lawyers, discovered a flaw in the law of Congress meant to empower the General to control all these matters, and he admonishes his Secretary to that effect. After an examination, General Grant admits that

* The marriage-rate of the body altogether stands thus. There are 280 contributors to the Widows' Fund, of whom 150 are married, 16 are widows, and 114 are bachelors. (Report for 1867.) The contributors are of course of all ages, from twenty-one upwards. The rate will probably be found to be greatly above the average.

there is a flaw — not, however, withoutsignifying his disgust at the whole affair as a piece of pettifoggery, — issues, as Secretary, the orders he disapproved of as General; and, at the end of the week of which we have given a brief *résumé*, Mr. Johnson remains so nearly Dictator of the United States that his organ, the *National Intelligencer*, feels encouraged to qualify some remarks about Congress with the clause — “If Congress ever meets,” and prints an advertisement by a bank for Confederate eight per cents!

We have hitherto remarked how differently the President looks upon a law when vetoing it, and after it has been passed over his veto. The law in which he at first sees military absolutism, becomes, when he is finally bound to obey it, a wise police regulation; and now that, against the passage of which he protested as giving to a commander “the place of the President, and the general of the army the place of the Senate,” is now found to be the means of clothing him with entire military as well as civil power over the Union. This, then, we are to look upon as the *dernier ressort* of the President — to pick holes in the laws he is set to administer, in order to defeat them. The Congress cannot, indeed, be much complimented on its acumen in having, when convened for the very purpose of perfecting a law, *because* the President was trying to evade it, so framed its measure that it will not hold water; but the intention of Congress, in the Act wherein the President — with a skill which would make his fortune in a police-court — has picked a hole, was perfectly clear. There is not a man in the country who has the slightest doubt that the Supplemental Act of Congress meant to guard from the hands of the President precisely that control of the military operations of the Southern States upon which he now seizes. This Supplemental Act, passed in July, in order to explain and secure the original one, explicitly declared who should vote in the South; gave to the general of the army and the department commanders power to remove obnoxious civil officers without trial; and, especially to prevent Presidential interference, it enacted that “no district commander or member, or member of the Board of Registration, or any of the officers or appointees acting under them, shall be bound in his action by any opinion of any civil officer of the United States.” It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to frame laws from which no technical escape is possible where those whose duty it is to administer them, according to their honest spirit, combine with the enemies of

those laws to contrive how they may be evaded. And perhaps it is in such a case as well that there should have been left some room for a quibble about the law; nothing else could so clearly have revealed the spirit that prevails in the Administration. It happens that at the time of the sharp correspondence between General Grant and President Johnson on the question of their respective power, the legal adviser of the latter was the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black. This is the same gentleman who, as legal adviser to President Buchanan, decided that though the Southern States had no legal right to secede, the general Government had no right to prevent their seceding. The people of America are as little pleased with the technicality which gives the South over to the unchecked sway of those who were lately in arms against the Union, as they were with that which for nearly a year permitted the forts, arsenals, and other Federal property in the South to be successively seized and occupied, because the Constitution, though providing for the suppression of domestic insurrection, did not name such a thing as encroaching a State.

But there is such a thing as being too clever. At the end of the week, in which he had surrounded himself with as many official heads as the actual ones Robespierre cut off in the same space of time just before his own was brought to the guillotine, Mr. Johnson heard but one response from all parts of the country, and that demanded his removal from office. The *New York Times*, edited by the Hon. H. J. Raymond, a gentleman who lost his seat in Congress by his moderation towards Mr. Johnson, demands impeachment; the *New York Evening Post*, edited by the poet Bryant, and the very careful thinker Mr. Parke Godwin, demands it. There is, no doubt, that the extreme acuteness of the President has convinced the entire country that, to cite the measured language of the last-named journal, which has heretofore steadily resisted the proposed impeachment, “it is not wise to attempt to tie the hands of the chief Executive; that all attempts must more or less fail of their object; and that when the nation and the Congress have to do with an Executive who is determined to obstruct instead of executing the laws, the only wise course is to impeach and remove him.”

We cannot find among Northern journals, whose views are of the slightest importance in determining the matter of impeachment, a voice counter to these, and there seems to be no manner of doubt that the Congress

will at its adjourned session of November immediately enter upon this the most serious State trial of American history—"if," that is, "Congress ever meets." The Presidential organ reminds us, in these words, that the President will fight; in fact, and it is important to note it, the President *must* fight. He has gone too far to recede or yield. He has too loudly identified himself with the Constitution on the one side, and Congress with national ruin on the other, to surrender the country to Radical government. He has entered with a flourish upon the war-path, and must now follow it to the end. He has abused and denounced Congress individually and collectively; he has vetoed and afterwards evaded its laws, and at last, by his amnesty proclamation, he has exercised a power distinctly and undeniably withdrawn from him by Congress at its last session; and there can now be no room for any ceremony toward that body. It remains only that he shall walk down in front of the courteous Speaker Colfax, and cry, with a stamp of the foot, to which he is not unaccustomed—"Take away that bauble!" In the absence of any symbol of authority in the House, he might name the Speaker himself as the "bauble." Indeed, some of the American journals have gone so far in this speculation as to say that it has been decided that Mr. Seward is to be Duke of Walrussia. But the situation is too serious for jesting; not that Mr. Johnson's resistance can by any possibility set aside the legal course of the American Government, but it is just possible that he may incite large bodies of Southern people to another attempt at rebellion, which would infallibly result in their utter destruction. If they follow the lead of the President, the South will in all probability be transformed into a series of negro states. And especially does the situation seem fraught with danger by reason of the singular inaction which seems thus far to prevail in the Northern States. With their own profound love of the Union, the Northern people were plainly unable seven years ago to realize the greatness and animosity of the attack upon it which had long been organized and matured, and which for this reason overbore for two years their undrilled soldiers and divided councils. Something very much like this seems about to be repeated. Those who suggest the possibilities of a recrudescence of the rebellion or a *coup d'état* are plainly thought to be alarmists. This last strikes the people as something which could only occur in a country as foreign as its name. But meanwhile two of

the largest and most populous of the late slaveholding States—Maryland and Kentucky—have reorganized their militia forces and placed them under daily drill. They are thoroughly armed, and, having been the only States which were "neutral" in the late civil war, their war sinews are in complete condition. The State of Maryland is thoroughly in sympathy with the President, its Governor and leading men being strong Southern partisans. It completely incloses the national capital, and could, with the 10,000 men it now has under arms, easily capture Congress, and hold the district of Columbia probably for some weeks. We have no doubt, of course, that Maryland and Kentucky and those who should come to their aid would, in such an event, be ultimately conquered; but no one who reflects upon the course of affairs during the late war can doubt that if such a recurrence of rebellion should recall the North to the field it would call them there with a cry for extermination on their lips; and that "Sherman's march" would prove but a faint sketch of the desolation that would ultimately sweep through the South if a few months of success should attend any usurpation by the President. It is in this act deplorable if it is not suspicious that so many of the officers, who would be the most prompt to sustain General Grant in maintaining law and order, should be absent from the capital, some even so far away as Russia, whilst others should be called there like General Granger—the new head of the Freedmen's Bureau—who has publicly declared his belief that Congress is an unconstitutional body and should be dispersed by the President. We cannot but deem the South utterly unable to succeed in another conflict with the North, and, as friends of that stricken people, we deprecate the false and fatal hopes which the course of the President has rekindled among them.

"That way madness lies!"

From the Spectator Sept. 21.

THE FENIAN MOSQUITO.

THE true annoyance of this Fenian torment, which naturally though excessively, rouses English impatience, is its entire incalculability. There is no more reason to expect it to break out afresh in one place than

in another. We should not feel the smallest surprise in hearing of a Fenian outrage at Vancouver's Island or Hong Kong. That would be just as wise and just as useful to the Fenian cause as attacks on Canada, on Chester Castle, or on Manchester police. It is just like mosquito bites. The bite is of no great importance, and, so long as you enshroud yourself in a mosquito curtain, you are safe. But the business of life cannot be done enshrouded in a mosquito curtain, and whenever you leave it you are liable to the attack, and this without any reference to the creature's chance of subsequent escape, which we have every reason to believe it does not condescend to calculate. Now nothing can be more vexatious than the constant presence of this sort of irrational danger, the extent and imminence of which no laws of either motive or apparent result appear in any degree to affect. It is really a consideration of no light moment that some hundreds of thousands — possibly half a million of fellow-creatures, if we include the American Irish — are *capable* at least of attacking their fellow-countrymen at any point on the globe where Englishmen are to be found, without the slightest reference to the chances of either military or political success. With regard, no doubt, to this Fenian assault on the prisoners' van at Manchester, it will be said that there was thus much coherence in it, that its object was limited to liberating two Fenian prisoners — which object it successfully effected. No doubt but Captain Kelly and Captain Deasy were not lurking about Manchester, with revolvers in their pockets, with any peaceful purpose, and it is tolerably certain that the well organized attempt to set them free was but a substitute for some equally well or better organized attempt headed by themselves had they been free, to inflict a minute injury, a sort of physical prick, on the commercial capital of England. The truth obviously is that we are equally liable — and this is probably what the Fenians wish to make us feel — to suffer suddenly, anywhere all over the world, and without the slightest power of discovering why any particular place is selected for inflicting the puncture. The Fenians, like fluids, "press equally in all directions." Pure caprice — or the design to make us feel as if it were pure caprice, as if the whole thing were utterly incalculable and beyond the range of law or reason — alone determines these attacks. And to be conscious of the existence of, it may be, half a million fellow-men scattered over the earth who are capable not merely

of murder from a political motive, but of murder perfectly capricious, perhaps *designedly* capricious, in each particular instance, and this absolutely without relation to the certainty or uncertainty of punishment, — is no doubt not to Englishmen indeed an intimidating but a very vexatious and fretting sort of consciousness. Scientific men often dwell on the horror the world would present if there were no kind of order in its phenomena, and either the actions of men or the operations of nature were entirely incapable of approximate calculation. This delightful condition of things is, so far as the power of the Fenians extends, completely realised by their enterprises. Nobody would be astonished to hear of an attempt on Balmoral, or that Mr. Disraeli had been seized at Hughenden Manor, and spirited away from amongst his devoted farmers and labourers, or that a *coup d'état* originated by Fenians had occurred in New Zealand, or that the Irish Republic had been proclaimed in Sark. If there were only *enough* Fenians willing to sacrifice themselves in different parts of the world every day, it really would become a most unpleasant sort of guerilla war upon society before the half-million or so, said to exist, had been used up. For more than ten years, a hundred Englishmen might be suddenly killed every day in different portions of the Empire, and it would be quite impossible to take any precautions against a mode of attack in which no individual assailant would care to count on success or escape. Of course, even Fenians are not yet quite as reckless and mad as that. But this is the special feature of the torment they inflict, — its perfectly arbitrary and incalculable character.

We confess there is something which strikes us as retributive in this sort of torment from Ireland. Nothing can be more arbitrary and capricious than the English Government there once was; and even now all its sins, or rather all its deficiencies partake of the same fault. The Irish tenant still complains that he has no security, no guaranty against the caprice of his landlord. The Irish priest complains, justly enough, that we capriciously apply one rule to the education of the English people, and another to the education of the Irish. The Irish Establishment itself is one great act of most pernicious caprice. And the Irish politician tells us truly enough that even our petting of Ireland is capricious, that we deny her the sort of institutions and government which the genius of the people requires, and give her instead boons, such as immu-

nity from special taxes raised in other parts of the United Kingdom, which are rather bad than good for her. But such caprice in our Government as now remains is nothing to the caprice of former generations, and it is partly from the consequences of that,—acting, no doubt, on an imaginative temperament peculiarly open to irrational impulses,—that we are now suffering. There is, if we only consider it, something,—no doubt very disheartening, for it is so intangible, so inaccessible to the influence of ordinary motives,—but still remarkable, and curiously indicative of the warmth of the national temperament, in this strange capacity of the Fenians to believe that they are in some way taking personal revenge for national wrongs by striking at any vulnerable point in the whole British Empire. An English peasant would nourish the deepest vindictiveness against a private enemy, and burn down his rick without hesitation, but he would be wholly unable to see the satisfaction in running the most imminent risk of his life for the sake of striking at a person of whom he had never heard, in a place where he had never suffered any kind of wrong, simply because that person and that place were invested with the ideal character of a hated national name. We cannot help feeling a vague sort of awe and respect for so wonderfully idealizing a power of resentment as this. But its consequences may be only too dangerous. If the lower and more ignorant English once get the idea that all Irish are Fenians, and that all Fenians may at any moment attack Englishmen anywhere from mere national spite, we shall have to fear a great deal more from sudden outrages by them upon the Irish, than from sudden outrages by the Irish on them. How dangerous and savage our lowest class can be on such emergencies, the recent Birmingham riots alone show. We trust that the punishment of those convicted of this outrage will be prompt and severe, if only for the sake of the lower Irish themselves. Once let the English mob of places like Manchester or Liverpool get any idea into their heads that these Fenian outrages in England are too leniently dealt with by the law or by the Government of England, and they would be taking the law into their own hands. Indeed, this is even now the worst consequence to be apprehended from these irritating outbreaks. We should tremble to see the result if those of our great cities in which Irish colonies exist once got the idea that their peace and security were seriously threatened by Fenian machinations.

At once gratifying and humiliating to an Englishman is the interest of Germans in his early language, and their knowledge of it. We have only just had for ourselves a Handbook or set of Specimens of Early English for students—that by Mr. Richard Morris—when out come Mätzner & Goldbeck with the first or poetical part of a more elaborate and full one, ‘*Altenglische Sprachproben: Poesie.*’ The book contains extracts from thirty-eight works ranging from Orm to Barbour, and when the pieces are short the whole of them is given. This Part I. is in 388 pages, double columns, royal 8vo., with elaborate glossarial notes at the foot of each page, and Introductions giving an account of every work and author quoted from. It is to be followed by a like Part of prose extracts. Any one who thinks how impossible it would be to find these three things in England—first, two Englishmen fit to edit such a book of early German extracts; secondly an English publisher to bring it out; and, thirdly, an English public to buy and read it—may realize to himself how far before us in breadth of study, in linguistic knowledge, and in the resolution to popularize it, the Germans are. Had the English half the German intelligence or pluck in this matter, their early manuscripts would not have been waiting for from eight to four hundred years to be printed, their MS. societies would not be starving on half incomes now, and obliged to leave work undone for want of funds. But the British Philistine is hard to cure, though he is improving slowly, we trust.

A strange act of barbarism, by way of flattery to the Czar has recently been committed at Grodno. By order of the local authorities, and in the presence of crowds of men of various faiths, the five wooden statues of “Catholic Saints,” which for above two centuries had graced the summit of the Carmelite Church, were cast down to the ground. Two were broken into fragments; those of the Virgin, Mary Magdalene, and St. John, were less injured. But the whole were collected and publicly burned. The St Petersburg papers seem hardly to know what to make of this method taken by the Grodno notables to show their sympathy with the imperial head of the Russo-Greek Church in his quarrel with Rome. It is added, with a touch of perceptible satire, that the labourers employed to do the work of destruction were Jews, and that the chief of the Grodno police was, of course a Tartar.

From the Saturday Review.

THE ROMANCE OF BABINGTON WHITE.

No sensation in any one of Miss Braddon's novels has equalled the sensation which has been excited within the last few days by the supposed identification of her with a certain "Babington White," the author of a novel with a plot taken from the French. To borrow a plot instead of inventing one, and to invent a name instead of using your own, would appear from the public perturbation to constitute a literary crime of the first magnitude. And it may be admitted that one would much rather, first, that people should own their work; and next that, if they borrow a plot from M. Octave Feuillet, they should not pass it off as the plot of Babington White. The practice of palming off sham pieces under sham names, apart from its morality, breeds confusion and mistrust, and certainly has a tendency to reduce literature somewhere down to the level of horse-coping and elaborate thimblery. Yet, after all, if we look with the tranquillity that is proper to people who detest sensational novels upon the pother that is made about, Miss Braddon's imputed offence, what does it all come to? If, wearied with the glitter of fame and name, she chooses to mix with the crowd in disguise, why should she not? The Caliph used to mix with his subjects in the humble apparel of a porter. On the same principle, Miss Braddon is, without any breach of moral or literary law, perfectly free to descend from her lofty throne, and take her place in the rank of magazine-writers, just like any common unqueeny person. Genius notoriously has its freaks. Perhaps she was tormented with a conqueror's craving for new realms to conquer. She is like the great Alexander. *Pellæo juveni non unus sufficit orbis*. She wept for new worlds. She had covered the name of Braddon with immortal glory. But this may have palled on a nature of sublime capacity. So she created Babington White somewhat in her own image, and him too she resolved to crown with laurels. His name should become glorious and immortal even as hers, and they should reign in associated sovereignty over the wide universe of fiction. The partnership of Miss Braddon and Babington White would have revived in men's minds the partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher. They should be as Isis and Osiris, twin deities worshipped of all the readers of shilling magazines. We confess that in all this we see no more

than an honourable, if eccentric, ambition. Or possibly a sense of humour may have been at the bottom of it all. It would have been so delightful for this ever distinguished authoress to hear over-subtle critics and spiteful friends insisting how superior, in fancy, originality, style, and so forth, was Babington White to Miss Braddon. It would not have been delightful, on the other hand, but still it would have been fresh to a sovereign sated with adulation as Miss Braddon may be, to hear people remark what a flashy, feeble, artificial fellow was this Babington White compared with the authoress of *Lady Audley's Secret*. We suspect that Miss Braddon is not without a touch of cynical contempt for mankind. Otherwise she would scarcely venture to write so many novels for them per annum; nor should we find at the foot of the title-page of *Circe* that "all rights are reserved." To a person of a sardonic temper there can be nothing more charming than to hear all the dogs who bark at art and artists barking up the wrong tree. There is another hypothesis, not quite untenable, and also involving a measure of just contempt for novel-reading mankind. Miss Braddon was writing a story in her magazine under her own name. She may be pardoned for believing that her own stories are better than she can get anywhere else. So she resolved to give her readers all prizes and no blanks, and to do all her own fiction. But then the public would have resented this. They never know when they are well off. They found abundance of variety between *Circe* and *Birds of Prey*, which appeared side by side. If they had known them both to be the work of one person, they would have sworn that such monotony was too bad to be endured. However this may be, an authoress has a clear right to choose the name by which she will be known; and on the familiar principle of the rose and its name, we may be sure that Miss Braddon by any other name would write as well.

If, however, she has a fair right to exercise her choice in her own name, the right to adopt another author's plot is a good deal more questionable. Who steals the name of Babington White steals trash. To take M. Feuillet's plot may enrich the proprietors of *Belgravia*, but it leaves the story of *Circe* poor indeed. You cannot turn over twenty pages of it, without scenting the French air, and what made a tolerable play becomes dismal stuff under its disguise as a fifth-rate English romance. The original is unpleasantly morbid, but it is delicate, and even touching. Babington White has made it

coarse, rude, and flaring. One critic says, that "there is also much scholarship shown, but scholarship devoid of pedantry." We gladly admit that one Act is headed *Fata volentem ducunt*, and another *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, that *Sic transit gloria mundi* makes its harmless appearance, as the critic justly says, without any pedantic ostentation, and that the writer is aware that Amphion was the son of Zeus and Antiope. So far the scholarship is as unimpeachable in itself as it is unpedantically displayed. Perhaps the writer means French scholarship. This is abundantly exhibited, yet it is less profound than we should have expected from a person who, like Mr. Babington White, can certainly read French, or else he would never have got to M. Feuillet's *Dalila*. Repetitions of *Vas donc, jeune ami, Fi donc, jeune paresseux*, and so on, can hardly count for scholarship, not even when eked out with an occasional *voilà tout, cela va sans dire, or par exemple*; while such sights as *à la bonheur* are exceedingly shocking. In Italian scholarship we find a well-known opera described as "Ballo in Maschiera." If the reader is surprised, amid so much slovenly English, to find a passage prefixed to one of the chapters out of old Mandeville, it may be worth remembering that it was recently quoted by Mr. Swinburne, either in his *Chastelard* or in his later volume. That Mr. Babington White knows both these volumes is shown by the fact that he quotes from both. It is here no doubt that he has picked up the bit about the women "that ben of that kynde, that zif they beholden ony man, thei slen him anon with the beholdynge, as dothe the Basilisk." So it is plain that the author has not simply translated *Dalila*. He has first spoiled the idea by transferring it into English fiction at all, and then he has tricked it out in little English bits of his own. He has, it is true, done no more than playwrights do without blushing. We do not see that Babington White is a jot worse than Mr. Tom Taylor or any of the other people who bring out new and original plays newly and originally taken from the French. The people wishes to be deceived; deceived let it be. It treats the writers of fifth-rate novels as if they were artists in one sense, while in another it encourages them to make hacks of themselves. Once let a writer have a name, and the public appears ready to buy and read any amount of trash which he or she may think fit to pour out for the public edification. It never reflects upon the unavoidable conditions of good art, or even

of second-rate art. Anybody who can tell a story decently well is petted and criticized and talked about as if a great creator had come upon the stage. Considering the number of persons there are in the world with minds too vacuous for anything but mere stories with telling sensations, we have no right to grumble about the supply being kept up as the demand is kept up. But this is a very different thing from exalting the writer upon a pedestal fit only for a demi-god. Take this very *Circe*—this trumpery adaptation of a poorish play, spoilt, moreover, in the process. Yet we find critics talking of rubbish of this sort, whether the rubbish of Babington White or anybody else, as "one of the most brilliant productions of modern times, written with rare elegance and power." Another says it is "one of the best novels of the day." A third vows that it is "good and clever." A fourth that "a more powerfully-written novel, with a more simple and well-constructed story, has not lately come before us." Is it any wonder if, after a chorus of this egregious adulation, the good Babington White really thinks himself a creature of uncommon genius? Or is it any wonder if, after finding himself bought and read, he resolves that it would be churlish not to give the public as much as he can spin out of himself of a commodity which costs him so little effort and which they relish so exceedingly? People do their best to demoralize an author by giving him mere adulation when he ought to have criticism, and then they declare themselves dreadfully shocked when he does things which only a demoralized author could dream of doing. They do not see that their own facile and worthless praise was the beginning of the whole mischief. It is the critics and readers who talk of literary promise as if it were literary fulfillment, who use up the whole vocabulary of panegyric upon books only just deserving not to be tossed into the fire—it is they who sow the seeds of which we get the fruits in this Circean episode. Writers learn that their crudest productions are looked upon as fine and excellent art. They have no motive therefore for producing anything but what is crude, and a crude dressing up of another person's idea is just as likely to answer the wishes of their patrons as anything else. And if it does this, even in an ordinary case, it is just as likely as not to fulfill all the purposes of the author. It is very wholesome that these borrowings and dressings up should be exposed as thoroughly as may be, and as often as they occur.

It is also wholesome that writers should not be told that they are persons of consummate and unflinching genius when they are nothing of the sort, and so be encouraged to think that even their most slipshod work is good enough to publish.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

SHUTTERS are barred ; the wintry wind without Blusters and howls ; hear'st thou the trees about Creak, and the sighing branches, and the panes Dashed with the rattling rains ?

The cosier we two, darling, by this fire —
The green-clothed table midmost, spread with books ;

The household settled all to thy desire,
And we ourselves to interchange of looks :
Thou, crimson-bodied, in thy cushioned chair,
Thy fingers toying with some feminine work ;
I on the sofa opposite thee, where,
Slipped at ease, and loose gowned like a Turk,
I bask in presence of my golden girl,
Yet stint not to upwhirl —
So tolerant her care —
The short white puffs of smoke that snake the ruddy air.

How, seated so, my darling, we do chat
Of this and that —
Our doings through the day, and what
We have seen, and whom ; plans of the instant week ;

Whether our purse
Grows healthier or worse ;
This outlay, should we make or grudge it ; —
Topics on which to hear thee speak
Is better than any Budget !
Whence still we sweep
A wider deep —
All news of nations and of distant seas ;
How the great world goes round,
And who alive are noblest found
In every walk of men and all degrees.
Nor living only ! All the ages past,
The plains that shroud the innumerable dead,
Yield us high objects — shapes of acts that last,
And portraiture of many a laurelled head :
Poets of glorious song,
Kings that have greatly wrought,
Great popular wrestlers against tyrannous wrong,

And others, few, who have but greatly thought
How spirits should be moved ; —
Yet ever, to our seeming,
These blended groups among,
The white arms wildly gleaming,
And the red hearts hotly scheming,
Of unnamed women who have greatly loved.
In heaven or earth
Is nothing not appropriate to our hearth.

Ah ! in such colloquies how I came to know
The mind that mine had wedded, and to grow
Ever more amorous of it, the more
I knew its supple richness ! As, of yore,
Some gymnast, wrestling with a splendid Spartan girl,

The closer she did come and dare his press,
Must more and more have felt a giddiness,
Flow from her touches, and such sensuous whirl
That either he must yield to her and fall,
Assailed all round with hisses,
Or bear her bodily up, his lissome thrall,
And laugh, and run with her, and leap a wall,
And punish her with kisses :
So with us two — her mind in its dear sex,
The utmost match of mine, and innermost reflex.

I move, and she moves check : I thunder ; lo !
A flash back from her battery : if I say
Some sly thing meant for wit,
She catches it in air, and will remit
The message twirled in such a dexterous way
That I am hit.
But chief, through all, the ever-fresh surprise
That one so stoutly frank should be so subtly wise.

She is, I swear, the most downright
Of living little Saxons — out of sight
An honestier than I — quilted most thick
Against all sophistry, or whine, or trick ;
Yet what superb agility
In every thoughtful gesture ! What facility
In apprehensions the most intricate !
What readiness, on any beckoning from me,
Either to speculate
Questions of deep debate,
Or to luxuriate
In any field of floweriest phantasy !
No boldest phrase,
Brave girl, could thee amaze.
Dared I my utmost, and would try to wing
The Empyrean round the world we know,
Then, through that blaze of radiance voyaging,
And in the billowings of its boundless glow
Almost forgetting thee, the dear last thing
Left i' the dark orb human — turning, I desried
Thee, thee, my undaunted, winging to my side.
Or if, in converse mood,
Abstractions were my temporary good,
And, like some starved wretch in a night-dreared wood,

I groped mid verbiage for some root of real,
Even there thou would'st find me soon,
And, like the silvering moon,
Shed o'er the doleful search a tint ideal,
Imparting it such mystic zest .
As if the pale-berried mistletoe were my quest.
So wondering, dearest, all thy wealth of mind,

With what ambitious fancies I could please
Day-dreamy hours, of some large lot assigned
To our conjunction yet by Heaven's decrees !
Ah ! in such dreams as these
I can but clasp thy knees :
Fit for Aspasia thou, could I be Pericles !

— Macmillan's Magazine.